# The Outlook

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## Ernest Harold Baynes
## Friend of Man and Beast

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES was a clear-eyed lover of animals. Birds ate from his hands, four-footed creatures trusted him. He knew the ways of the animal world, its highways and byways were open to his feet.

The birds that took crumbs from his fingers, the bear cub that put his paw into his guiding hand, must have felt something of his character and his purpose.

It remained for his human friends to know and understand the lifelong devotion that he gave to the creation of bird sanctuaries and the welfare of the wild.

We have said that Mr. Baynes was a clear-eyed lover of animals. There have been very few men who combined so great a love for the animal world with a realization of its true relation to mankind. Mr. Baynes was not a sentimentalist; he was a realist with high ideals. He could understand that vivisection, under proper control, was necessary for the protection of both his animal friends and the race to which he belonged. He fought a hard fight that the hands of medical science might be kept free.

Perhaps some day the science that he served so well may conquer the dread disease that brought about his untimely end. If it does, the life and ideals of Ernest Harold Baynes will have been a factor in that success.

Just a short while ago the surgeons told Ernest Harold Baynes that he was suffering from an inoperable cancer—that he had only a short time to live. "Since then," he wrote an editor of The Outlook, "I have been riding hard against the white horse and the end is in sight."

The gallantry of that last ride was pictured in a poem inclosed in his letter. It was sent with the request that it be published as soon after his death as possible. The time for that publication came all too soon. It is printed on this page as part of our tribute to a fighter whose spirit did not know the meaning of defeat.

Ernest Harold Baynes

## Congress Goes Through Its Motions

THERE are times when the Congress of the United States is as busy as the proverbial one-legged man in a sand pit—and gets no farther, whether forward or backward. There are weeks when no publication in America, the "Congressional Record" alone excepted, has space even to review the doings of the two houses. Yet always, in some fashion, it must be attempted.

The Senate sustained the President's attitude of opposition to elevation of guns on capital ships by refusing to lay aside the rules and permit an amendment to the Naval Appropriation Bill providing for it. Johnson, of California, was the only Republican who voted against the President's wishes. Eight Democrats voted with the President.

The Muscle Shoals Leasing Bill goes to conference between House and Senate with a fair assurance of friendly conferees on both sides.

The Democrats began a determined

# The Last Race[1]

### By ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

I HAVE the mount on Courage to-day,
And Death is riding the White,
Through the paddock gate, with a smile at fate,
To the track in the slanting light.

The odds on Death are short, they say,
And how shall a sportsman choose?
There is just one test, you must ride your best,
Then you win, if you win or lose.

We face the flag on our hill-rimmed course,
It falls to a perfect start,
No waiting race—we must set the pace,
The pace that will break his heart.

On the long back stretch we lead by a length,
Old Courage asserting his pride,
Till Death shows fight and calls on the White
He rides! for he *has* to ride.

As we swing to the straight, we are still in the van,
My horse at the top of his speed,
With Death's coming fast—we are nearing the last,
And the last is already decreed.

The horses, lapped to their saddle girths,
Rush through like a storm-swept fire—
Death wins! Bravo! But I laugh in his face,
As he noses me out at the wire.

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fight on the postal rates feature of the Postal Salaries Bill. The first move was a point of order by Senator Swanson, on the ground that this is a revenue measure and should have originated in the House. The point was not sustained, but it served as notification that the fight is on.

The majority report of the Oil Investigation Committee, submitted by Senator Walsh toward the end of the last session, has been approved. It condemns the Teapot Dome and California Naval Reserve leases and holds the conduct of former Secretary of the Interior Fall reprehensible. The minority report, submitted at the beginning of this session by Senator Spencer for himself and the other regular Republican members of the Committee, was voted down by a majority of 42 to 28. The vote on the majority report was 33 to 30. Republicans voting with the Democrats for the majority report were Borah, Brookhart, Frazier, Johnson of California, Norbeck, and Norris.

Confirmation of the nomination of Harlan Fisk Stone, now Attorney-General, to be an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court was held up in the Senate and after several days of delay was recommitted to the Judiciary Committee. That Committee had previously reported the nomination favorably to the Senate.

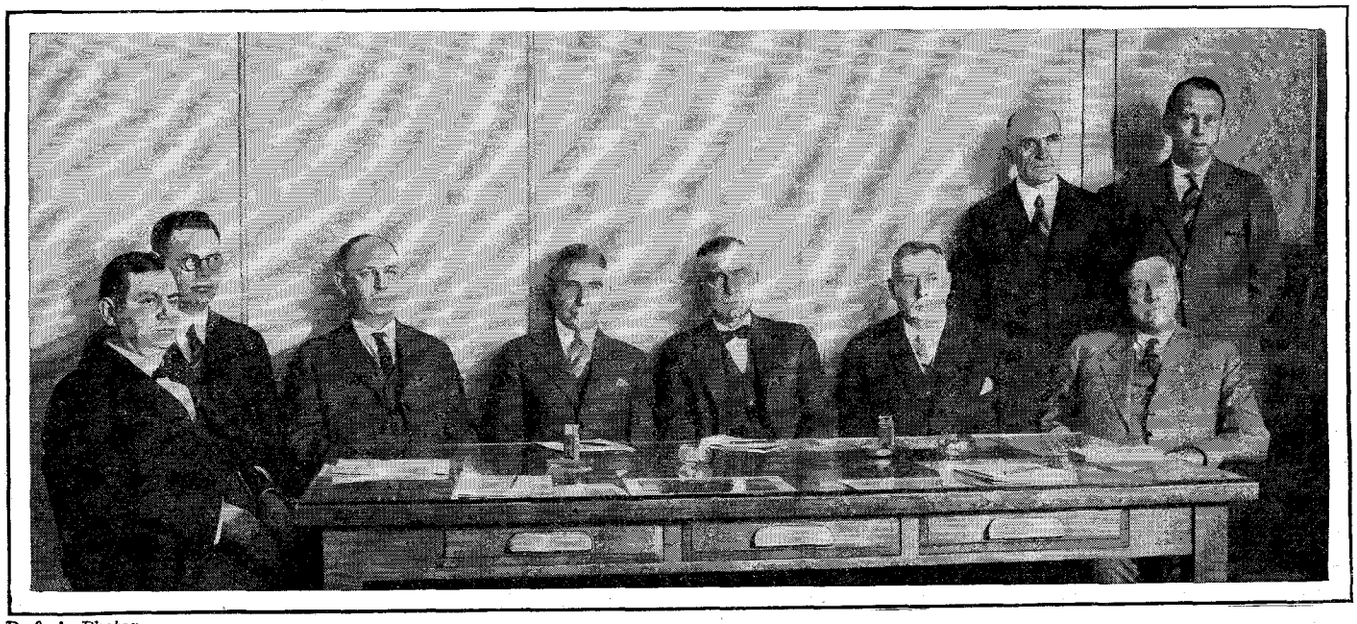
The new outbreak of opposition to Mr. Stone is said to be due to the report that Senator Wheeler, of Montana, is about to be indicted again, at the instance of the Department of Justice, by a District of Columbia grand jury on substantially the same charges on which he has already been indicted in his home State. It is said, however, that the new indictment would be on different charges. It is also reported that Mr. Stone had planned to allow Senator Wheeler the extraordinary privilege of giving explanations to the grand jury before the question of indictment would be decided. Senator Walsh, who is Wheeler's colleague from Montana and his counsel in the suit pending in that State, and Senator Borah, who was chairman of a special Senate committee which exonerated Wheeler, have been the leaders in having confirmation delayed. Both Walsh and Borah are members of the Judiciary Committee, to which the nomination is now recommitted. But Senator Heflin, of Alabama, would have a just grievance if his name were omitted in any mention of the causes for delay. He would be deprived of a measure of publicity. His part in the proceedings is itself a measure of the merits of the opposition to Mr. Stone.

## The Nation's Duty to the Farmers

OUR readers will remember Dixon Merritt's staff correspondence from Washington two weeks ago describing Everett and "Old Man Jim." Everett he took as an example of the organizer of the farmers from the top down, and "Old Man Jim" as an example of the organizer of the farmers from the ground up. Strangely, those farmers who are organized from the top down do not want a Federal marketing law, while those who grew from the bottom up do want such a law and have been agitating for it. In the contest, so to speak, between Everett and "Old Man Jim" the Conference on Agricultural Legislation which has just made its final recommendations has decided in favor of "Old Man Jim." That means that the farmers who, though organized from the ground up, want a law from the top down have so far the better of the argument. But the other farmers, who have feared the dangers in a Federal law, are not going to be as rigidly supervised as they were afraid they might be.

At least such is the conclusion which one would naturally draw from the report of the Conference. Of course no law has been enacted yet, and there is plenty of opportunity for change in policy before Congress gets through with the recommendations.

What the Conference recommends is the creation of a Federally supervised co-operative marketing system. That is the distinctive point in the recommendations. The incidental points are that there should be amendments to the Agricultural Credit Act, a readjustment of freight rates and of the tariff, and increased Federal aid to State agricultural experiment stations. The Federal agency



P. & A. Photos

**The President's Agricultural Commission, which has just made important recommendations concerning measures to help the farmers. From left to right: Secretary Howard M. Gore, W. Va., of the Department of Agriculture; R. W. Thatcher, Geneva, N. Y.; W. C. Coffey, St. Paul; Louis Taber, Columbus, Ohio; R. D. Carey, Careyhurst, Wyo.; O. E. Bradfute, Chicago, American Farm Bureau Federation; Fred H. Bixby, Long Beach, Cal.; and standing, W. M. Jardine, Manhattan, Kansas, and Ralph P. Merritt, of Fresno, Cal.**

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which the Conference recommends Congress to create would be a board of five members, separate from all departments. To this board co-operative organizations could apply for surveys, information, and recommendations. Such farm organizations might be Federally registered and subject to Federal audit. Distributers at terminal markets could create registered exchanges to operate under Federal rules.

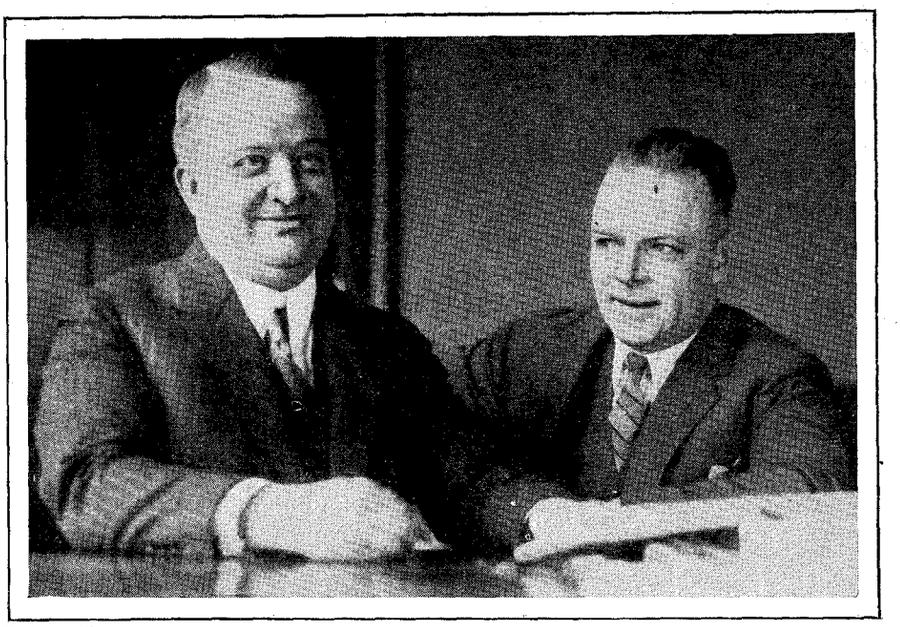
The recommendations of the Conference constitute a definite and specific attempt to deal with the farm problem Nationally. They will undoubtedly have the support of the Administration. We shall discuss them more fully in a later issue.

## Gunridden Herrin

AFTER the acquittal of forty-four persons indicted for murder in Williamson County, Illinois ("Bloody Williamson" it has been called for generations), in connection with the mine battle and atrocities of 1922, a legislative committee of inquiry reported: "As a whole the people of Williamson County were not in sympathy with the work of the committee, were opposed to any further investigation, absolutely refused to give us any help or suggestions, and seemed to be in sympathy with those responsible for the killings."

The natural sequence to this state of public feeling has twice been shown in gun fights and slayings. In that which took place on January 24 four men were slain. Because two of them were leaders of opposing factions, it is now said in comment that the affray is expected to end the reign of lawless regulators in Herrin. Perhaps! But the history of feuds and dictation at the pistol point shows that bloodshedding does not make for peace.

When we read that Glenn Young, a prominent fighter in the battle of last August, had returned to Herrin and walked the streets heavily armed, and that Ora Thomas, also concerned in the August fight and later a deputy sheriff, was "looking for" Young, and that "threats to shoot at sight had been issued on both sides," we seem to be reading a passage from the fiction of the early Far Western cowboy towns and of days now passed away instead of news from a Mid-Western city of to-day which boasts of its churches, schools, and cultivation. That lawlessness breeds lawlessness is the lesson of Herrin.



P. & A. Photos

**William F. Griffin (right) the chief defendant in the Weehawken trial, with his counsel, George Cutley**

The bad feeling that followed the mine atrocities got into local politics. Prohibition enforcement and the Ku Klux Klan movement stirred up another private war. Young had been an agent of the Klan, and the Klan was fighting the saloon. There was a vigorous opposition in Herrin and the county to both, partly because of a large Catholic membership among the miners. Opposition led to lawless action; attempts to rule without law or by straining the legal rights of officers who were backed by political influence have now twice ended in savage street slaughter. Ku Klux Klan and Knights of the Flaming Circle had in this last conflict Young and Thomas as their protagonists. No one knows how large their following was. Thomas is said to have been shot by his own adherents who were trying to kill Young after he had opened fire on Thomas. Young was killed in the affray.

Probably only a small proportion of Herrin's people approve of rule by lawlessness; a few reckless and enraged gunfighters can terrorize many times their own number of peaceable citizens.

The State of Illinois was slow to grapple with the earlier outbreaks of Herrin. It shares, therefore, in the disgrace of the subsequent bloodshed. There are times when vigilance committees are necessary because there is no effective law—as is admirably shown, by the way, in Mr. John H. Hammond's article in the current "Scribner's." But 1925 is not the time and Illinois should not be the State in which government by gunplay should be conceivable.

## Ten Bucks, a Bottle of Booze, and No Conviction Yet

IN The Outlook for December 31 Ernest Mandeville, who is preparing for us a series of articles on the problem of prohibition enforcement, told the story of the Weehawken scandal.

Since the publishing of that article the public authorities and the alleged rumrunners involved in the charges have been brought to trial. As it was prophesied, the trial resulted in no verdict. It is said that the jury voted nine to three for conviction.

It seems probable that the State or Federal authorities will carry the matter further in the hope of obtaining a definite verdict. To try such a case in the locality where so many local interests, political and otherwise, are involved in the outcome is a difficult task. We do not believe that with an energetic prosecution it will ultimately prove to be a hopeless one.

## A State Overruled

THE Sanitary District of Chicago may not continue to divert water from Lake Michigan at the rate now practiced, about 600,000 cubic feet a minute. Within sixty days arrangements must be

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made to reduce the flow to 250,000 cubic feet a minute, the quantity authorized by the Secretary of War. The Supreme Court of the United States, Justice Holmes writing and no Justice holding a dissenting opinion, has made this final decision in a case which has dragged along in the courts since 1913. We have withheld comment in this decision until we could obtain the official text of the opinion.

"The parties have come to this Court for the law," wrote Justice Holmes, "and we have no doubt that as the law stands the injunction prayed for must be granted. . . . Probably the dangers to which the city of Chicago will be subjected . . . are exaggerated, but in any event we are not at liberty to consider them here as against the edict of a paramount power."

Thus is ended, apparently, the danger of permanently reducing the water level of the great system of lakes and rivers draining naturally through the St. Lawrence. It does not, on its face, reduce the danger of continued pollution of the streams through which water from the lakes is diverted, carrying the sewage of the city of Chicago. In effect, however, it probably does contribute to reducing that danger, inasmuch as, if the representations of the Sanitary District are correct, other means of sewage disposal must be found when the quantity of diverted water is diminished.

The decision of the Supreme Court finally disposed of the contention that a State may act for its interests alone in such matters. There still remains the problem as to whether or not a district within a State may override the interests and welfare of the region through which the drainage from that district flows.

Ultimately Chicago will be forced to treat its sewage so that it will not be an offense or a menace to human and animal life in the Illinois Valley.

The Engineering Board of Review in the Sanitary District of Chicago has just published a report which foreshadows such an ultimate outcome. The report, however, does not seem to show a full appreciation of the rights and needs of those whose homes are along the valley of the Illinois. The engineers state "that the extensive and growing use of the lake-fronts of Chicago by bathers has resulted directly from the diversion of sewage from the lake." The people who cannot use the waters of the Illinois River without risk of the gravest danger to their health may appropriately ask, "Well, when do we bathe?"

## California and Its Japanese Problem

THE determination of the California State authorities to enforce the State Alien Land Law is producing a situation which will probably be worse before it is better. The State Attorney-General, Mr. U. S. Webb, has now issued orders to every district attorney to arrest all violators of the law, both Japanese and white men, and it is feared that this will mean a serious labor upheaval in the farming regions of the State, with the result that large numbers of unemployed Japanese will be driven to the cities in search of work.

No one who has made any study of the position in California on the spot can doubt that the Alien Land Law was an almost inevitable measure. The violations of the older act forbidding aliens to own land were open and shameless, and the whole fabric of land legislation was coming into discredit. The fact, however, remains that the present law, no matter how rigidly enforced, can be only a temporary measure. The Japanese affected to-day are aliens and incapable of becoming citizens, but, under the Constitution of the United States, their children born in this country are already citizens, fully entitled to own as much land as they please, and it will not be long before they are in a position to do quite lawfully what their parents are now being debarred from doing.

It is this larger question which must occupy the attention of the statesman, even while the politician is rejoicing over the success of the temporary measure. There is a large Japanese population in California, and it is growing rapidly. What is to be done about it? Any attempt to differentiate between the American citizen of Oriental descent and the American citizen of Occidental descent must inevitably result in the development in California of a racial problem like that with which the South has been burdened for so long. There can be no question of any considerable fusion between the two races. Such a solution would be in the highest degree undesirable; but it is possible, as is being demonstrated in Hawaii, to win the Japanese to a whole-hearted adhesion to American ideals and American standards of living, and to create in them just that patriotism which is looked for from every American citizen. It is some such true Americanization as this which must be attempted in California, for in no other way will it be possible to solve the Japanese problem.

## The Situation in Japan

ONE of the most distinctive features of the present situation in Japan is the effort being made by representatives of the country throughout the world to conceal the far-reaching changes brought about in the Island Empire by the calamity of September 1, 1923, and all that has followed it. That Japan suffered tremendous losses as the result of the earthquake is pretty generally recognized, but what is not recognized is the fact that the blow was so severe and the loss so great as to transform the entire situation in the Far East.

In a recent letter to a representative of this paper from one of the ablest authorities on Japan, at present in Tokyo, the situation is put in a nutshell. "I found," he writes, "Japan changed even in the six months that I was away, and after some puzzling discovered the cause. It was simply the fact that the calamity of September 1, 1923, brought about in a day an inevitable smash which it might otherwise have taken a year or more to bring about, and which could have been avoided only by a wise council of statesmen, which Japan cannot now gather together. The confusion, mental and physical, cannot be cleared away except through a long period of constructive work and a general realization that Japan has awakened from the dream of lasting prosperity and easy money for the rest of time. The people have not awakened to it yet by any means. Indeed, only a few of the leading men have thoroughly grasped the fact that only by great economy, tremendous sacrifice of ambition, and hard and still harder work can Japan even hope to survive as a nation. Yet I am one of those who firmly believe that the spirit is there, and that the greater upset many close observers speak of with bated breath not only can but will be avoided."

The fact is, of course, that the bewilderingly dramatic progress made by

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# For I must ever doubt

*(Timon of Athens, Act IV, Scene 3)*

*Sykes in the Worcester Daily Telegram*

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**Fair and continued cold**

From Victor E. Gardner, South Fitchburg, Massachusetts

*Orr in the Chicago Tribune*

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**Coming back for more**

*Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger*

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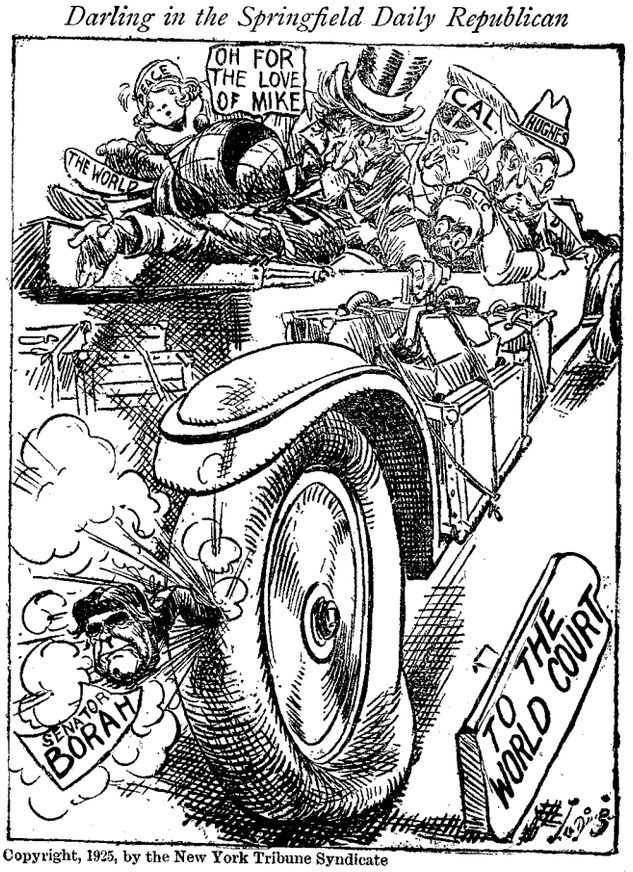
**Unduly excited**

From W. R. Walters, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

*Darling in the Springfield Daily Republican*

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**Looks like another tedious delay**

From Grace A. Taylor, New York City

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Japan during the past few decades has been based almost entirely on the extraordinary imitative capacity of her people. Japan is now learning that there is a limit to what can be achieved on the basis of pure imitation, and that alike in the world of industry, of statecraft, and of social ethics the superstructure must be built up on a foundation of real understanding. As long as the machine was running smoothly, Japan managed to keep well in the van, but the moment something went wrong, as it did so terribly in the September of 1923, Japan, like the motorist unversed in mechanics, was left stalled by the roadside. The lesson for Japan to be drawn from her troubles is to depend no longer upon imitation, but to learn the meaning of Western civilization from the ground upwards.

## In the Biggest Part of Germany

PRUSSIANISM seems to be still very vigorous in Prussia. For a time at least the old Junker element, backed by the industrialists, have routed those forces in Prussia which have been committed to republican rule. The Cabinet which under Herr von Braun has been governing Prussia for three years was virtually forced to resign on January 23. Though the vote for lack of confidence failed to record a majority of the Deputies, the vote in support of the Cabinet fell short of it. It was by no means certain early last week that Herr von Braun would not come back; but the incident indicates the great strength of the reactionary and monarchist element in what is by far the largest of the states that constitute the German Reich.

In the meantime Luther's Government in the German federal union has steered safely between the reefs on which it might easily have been shipwrecked at the start. It seems for the time being to be sailing smoothly. This is not because the crew is wholly loyal to the captain, but because no one of the Nationalist group wants to take the responsibilities of command.

Perhaps Germany is more politically trustworthy than she was; but the overthrow of Marx and the severe jolting, if not something more serious, administered to Braun should serve as warnings to those who think that Germany, particularly the Prussian part of Germany, chastened by adversity, can now be fully trusted.

## Armed Ulster

THE great factor for peace in Ireland is the overwhelming military strength of Ulster.

Ulster to-day is literally an armed camp. She did not want Home Rule, but, since it was practically forced upon her, she decided to make full use of it, and during the specially tumultuous years in Ireland stretching from 1920 to the early part of 1923 she devoted herself to rendering her position well-nigh impregnable from a military point of view.

Practically the whole male population, under the able scheme worked out by Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson in 1920, is organized as a military police. In the first class comes the Constabulary, theoretically and practically non-sectarian in character, very much like the old Royal Irish Constabulary, so well known in the days before the great rebellion. Then, as a second arm, there is the so-called "B" police; members of this force draw a small allowance from the Government, are provided with uniforms, and can be called upon in emergency. Back of this again is the "C" force, in which are enrolled practically all the remaining male members of the Protestant population of a military age. They are provided with a rifle apiece, and are required to undergo a short period of training each year. A very large number of these men are former soldiers who had every kind of practical experience in the Great War.

To some extent the Free State can draw upon a similar type of men, but they lack officers of any training, and, compared with the efficiency of Ulster, the Free State forces are very inadequately organized. Moreover, the Free State is almost entirely lacking in artillery, with which Ulster is well provided. Now, although nothing is said about it by either side, the Free State authorities are very well aware of the situation, and are equally well aware that if Ulster refuses to concede territory as a result of arbitration they can never take it from Ulster by force, and British public opinion could never be persuaded to coerce Ulster.

The real hope in the situation lies in the fact that both Sir James Craig, the Ulster Prime Minister, and Mr. Cosgrave, the President of the Irish Free State, are Irishmen, and really can understand each other. The danger of the situation lies in the fact that the British Secretary of State for the Colonies is not an Irishman, and consequently does not understand either Sir James Craig or Mr. Cosgrave. It is an old story; the old story, in fact, of Ireland as far as England is concerned. The counsel of wisdom to Great Britain is distinctly "hands off;" and if any one desires that Great Britain should give heed to this counsel more than Mr. Cosgrave, that one is Sir James Craig.

## Asquith, Earl of Oxford

ASQUITH has now accepted the earldom which, with the Garter, was offered him by Lloyd George in 1917 when the Second Coalition was formed. It is an honor that emphasizes the finality of Asquith's fall. From Bannerman he inherited a majority of 350 in the House of Commons. His party to-day consists of 42 survivors. And there is not a constituency that will send him to Westminster. Hence he is driven to take refuge in that House of Lords which, as Prime Minister, he hammered with the Parliament Act. Yet, at the age of seventy-seven years, this dour Yorkshireman still clings to an absentee leadership of what was once the Liberal Party.

The point about the Earl of Oxford, as Asquith now emerges, is that he always was the Earl of Oxford. A brilliant scholar, a born lawyer, a faultless debater, a chivalrous sportsman, a devotee of social success, Asquith was the Balliolic ideal; a man who, like Morley, conceived of government as an academic exercise, a master of constitutional precedent, written and unwritten, and therefore its slave. But his only force was the force of argument. And how to deal with men who did not wish to be convinced by argument he knew not.

Hence it was said of him—by John Redmond, we believe—that Asquith "runs well until he is a yard from the tape."

It was Lloyd George whose Budget broke the peers. It was Lloyd George whose Black and Tans forced the issue in Ireland. It was Lloyd George who extended the franchise to women. And it was Lloyd George who carried

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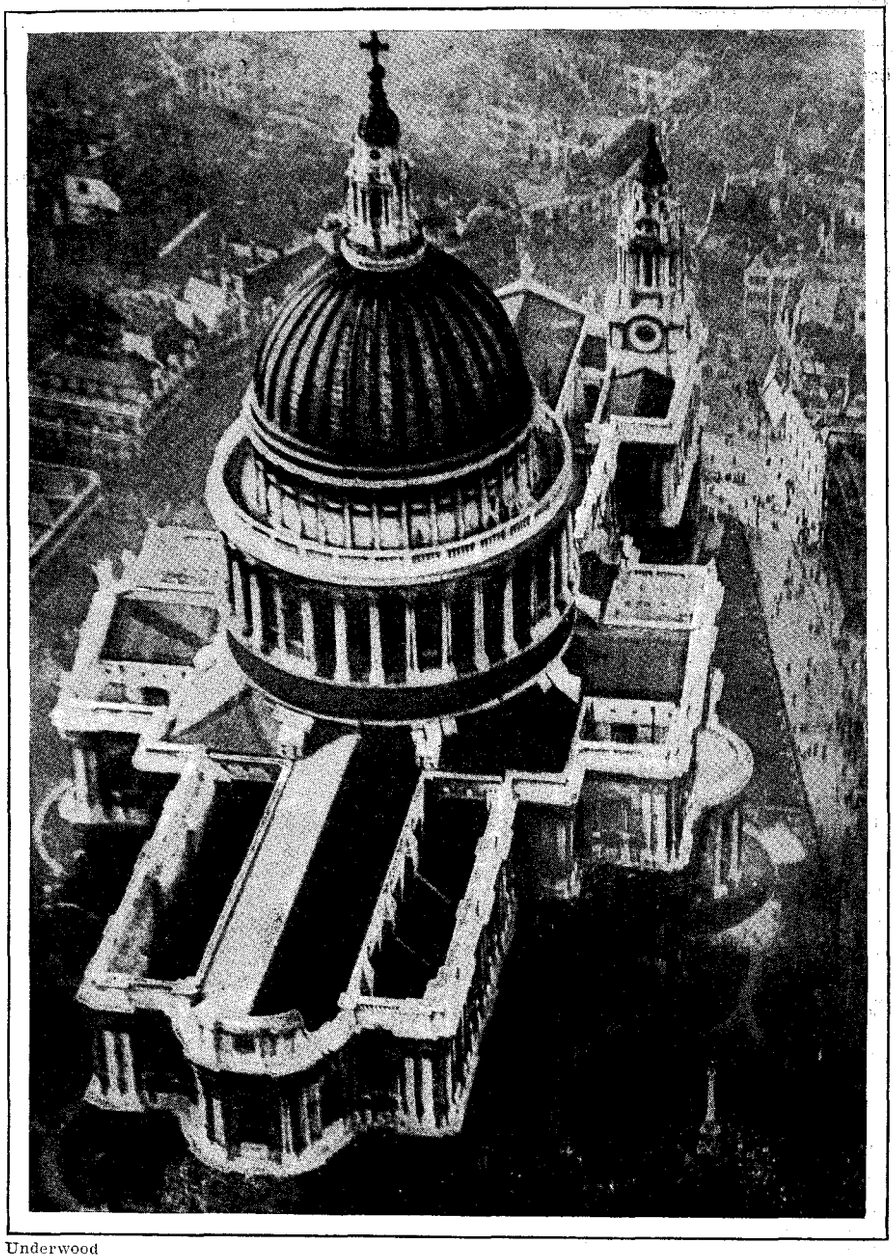
through the war and signed the peace. You may say that Lloyd George ruled the whole world and lost his own soul. But he did rule. And the trouble with Asquith was that he did not even rule Lloyd George. In 1916 he was tested. If he had defied his colleague and his colleague's Conservative accomplices and Lord Northcliffe and everybody else, the Commons would have said that this was the right man also to defy the Kaiser. But he miscalculated. He thought that Lloyd George would be powerless without him. He discovered that he was powerless without Lloyd George.

As a judge he would have been superb. And especially as a judge of the Supreme Court. And as long as it was his function to preside at Downing Street, giving decisions but initiating no action, he was a perfect Prime Minister. But that, after all, is not what Liberalism and Labor understand by progress. Labor broke away, and Liberals were then told to install the dissentients in office. It was a crushing surrender.

Faced by a new era, Asquith turned obstinate. He opposed women's suffrage and denied that, in a democracy, there was any natural right to vote. And he infuriated even the friendliest press by refusing any assistance in the publication of his speeches. Having thus alienated a profession which admired him, he allowed "Margot" to out-interview the interviewers with her lectures and reminiscences—especially in the United States. And yet, with these performances under discussion, it was held that all the sorrows of Liberalism were due to the Coalitionist iniquities of Asquith's rival.

Loyalty in Asquith became a fault. That Kitchener did great things when war broke out is admitted. But Kitchener's limitations were not less evident. And there was no statesman of any party who did not know that Kitchener had to be got away from Whitehall. Because Kitchener was drowned, Asquith considered it his duty to be his defender; it was friendship, but it was no more history than the detraction of Kitchener.

However, Asquith will never cease to be a gentleman, unstained in honor, and, though an Earl, ennobled not by titles but by character, the embodiment of a tradition which far transcended mere politics.



Underwood

**A comprehensive view of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, showing the great dome that has just been officially pronounced unsafe**

## Saving St. Paul's

THE discussion which has been going on for some time about the safety of St. Paul's Cathedral in London was brought to a point not long ago when municipal authorities officially reported that they considered the dome to be "a dangerous structure." This sounds alarming, and there were reports that one of the city officials had served notice upon the ecclesiastical authorities to tear down the dome. One comment on this was that it was a casual sort of verdict by a minor official who acted as if he were dealing with some "tumble-down shack."

As a matter of fact, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have long been studying the situation carefully and have obtained reports from distinguished experts. These reports make it evident that radical measures must be taken to prevent possible collapse in the future, but that immediate danger is not apprehended. A fund has been collected for these repairs for some years past, and the present excitement has led to enormous increases in that fund. The London "Times" alone has raised a great sum—at the latest report, about $600,000.

Whether the cost of the strengthening of the great edifice is half a million dollars or a million or five millions, there is no doubt that both the money and the skill required for the work will be provided. It has been truly said that the

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Underwood

**Americans at the International Opium Conference in Geneva, standing on the terrace of the Hotel Beau Rivage, the headquarters of the United States delegation. Left to right: Mr. William Norris; Mr. Joseph Keegan; Miss Woehnert; Miss Constance Drexel; Rt. Rev. Charles H. Brent, delegate; Mrs. Hamilton Wright, delegate; Congressman Stephen G. Porter, Chairman; former U. S. Surgeon-General Rupert Blue, delegate; Mr. Edward F. Erk; Mr. Edwin Neville, delegate; and Miss Christensen**

preservation of St. Paul's is a national issue, and indeed the whole world would feel it a loss if St. Paul's were to disappear from London.

St. Paul's Cathedral is the largest Protestant place of worship in the world. It stands as a great monument to the architectural ability of Sir Christopher Wren, although so far as line and design are concerned some of the smaller churches planned by Wren are more beautiful if less majestic. The style and type of architecture in St. Paul's are cold and uninspiring as compared with those of the great Gothic cathedrals, which are to most of us the purest and finest accomplishment of inspired architecture.

The present edifice of St. Paul's occupies, it is believed, the site of a small Christian church which stood on this spot over twelve hundred years ago. This early church was known as St. Paul's; the present Cathedral is its second successor. The second St. Paul's was a noble church building about six hundred feet long and famous in history and literature. It was destroyed by the great fire of London in 1666. The present Cathedral was actually begun in the year 1675, and completed in Wren's lifetime. It abounds in monuments to military and naval heroes, to artists and architects, and to a few great statesmen, although in this respect it does not of course compare with Westminster Abbey. It is also true that many of the monuments in St. Paul's Cathedral are far from being simple and tasteful in their execution.

## The Struggle Over Opium

All that America has to do, apparently, to have her way in an international conference is to threaten to leave it and go home. That is what President Wilson did during the Peace Conference in Paris. That also is what Chairman Porter of the American delegation has done at the Opium Conference which has been in session at Geneva.

So "critical" (we use Viscount Cecil's word) did the situation become that for a time the breakdown of the Conference was considered a possibility. Bygones should be bygones; and therefore there would seem to be no use in recording Viscount Cecil's statement that the American people are using more opium and narcotic drugs than the people of opium-producing India—a charge which the American Chairman declared to be a slander, and which Lord Cecil withdrew with an apology, but under an emotional strain which led him to want to go home to England. The only use in referring to this incident is to make it clear that in this effort to limit the production of opium to what is necessary for medical and scientific purposes the advocates of restriction have found it a serious task to overcome British objections and obstacles. Britain, it should be remembered, is embarrassed by her responsibility for India. Of course the British delegates did not wish to be held up in the eyes of the world as responsible for the breakdown of this Conference; and so, after a recess for the development of a more conciliatory spirit, the Conference early last week seemed to be approaching an accord.

Temperamentally Americans are impatient of delay and are not likely to be considerate of those conventions which nations crowded together have resorted to as protection against friction. This was evident at Paris in 1919, and it is very evident at Geneva. Some of the proposals which make Americans impatient are vague. One, which has been a source of vigorous disagreement, is that the schedule for suppressing the smoking of opium should begin only after China (whose weak Government is incapable of enforcing her very stringent laws) has proved that she can actively take her part in opium regulation. To Americans this sounds like indefinite postponement.

We hope our delegates will stick it out as long as there is a possibility of real accomplishment.

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## A Question Not of Morals but of Method

SACRIFICING children in defense of the tribe survived in even the higher stages of barbarism. Horrible as it was, there was some excuse for it in the prevailing ignorance and superstition and in the motive of supposed self-preservation. There can be no excuse, however, for sacrificing children to secure some supposed economic benefit. Child labor in factories and elsewhere has been an inexcusable blot upon what we call civilization. There can be no dispute about that.

If the proposed Child Labor Amendment presented the issue between the exploitation and the protection of childhood, there would be no question as to the outcome. It may be that most of those who are greatly concerned for the rescue of children from being sacrificed on the altar of industrialism are on one side, and most, if not all, of those who would profit or think they would profit by the sacrifice of children are on the other side; and yet it does not follow from that fact that the issue is between protecting and exploiting the children. If the Amendment is defeated, it would be wrong to conclude that the American people cared too little for their children to protect them.

The question for the country is not whether it wishes to prevent the driving of children into hard labor, but whether the proposed Amendment is the best way of preventing it.

The Child Labor Amendment now before the State Legislatures for ratification raises a question not of morals but of method.

Even if it is conceded that under the present circumstances the several States of the Union are not capable of fully protecting the children of the Nation without the backing of the Federal Government, the question still remains whether the proposed Amendment is the best way for providing the States with the backing that they need.

The proposed Amendment would give Congress "power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age." Is the exercise of such power by Congress, superseding and taking the place of the power of the several States, necessary in order to the protection of the children of the Nation? And even if it is not necessary, is it the best among possible methods for the protection of children?

These questions have been raised because there are many Americans, ardently opposed to the exploitation of children in industry, who believe that this Amendment would not benefit but injure the Nation. They believe that it would relieve the States of a responsibility which belongs to them and which they should shoulder; that it would remove the law from public opinion, which is its true prop, to the distant authority of Washington; that it would increase the power of the Federal Government over individuals instead of keeping it, as it should be, limited to the needs of the Nation as a whole; and that, by arousing antagonism to what would seem to be the interference of the Federal Government, it would endanger the Federal Government's real authority.

If those who fear such results from the adoption of the Amendment are wrong, they will not be convinced that they are wrong by being told that they are enemies of childhood. They must be convinced that the health of the coming generation is a concern of the Nation which can be conserved only by direct National action in prohibiting child labor, and that for such a National undertaking the Nation cannot depend upon the several States but must erect and operate its own National machinery.

One thing is clear: under the present circumstances, those States which take action to protect children from exploitation in industry are defenseless against their less conscientious or intelligent neighbors. There are various standards in various States. Where the standards are low, manufacturers and others can compete unfairly with those who operate under the laws of States with high standards.

This inequality between the States could hardly have been foreseen by the framers of the Constitution. Nevertheless the provision made for Congressional control over inter-State commerce would seem to supply sufficient authority for insuring fair play. The Supreme Court has decided otherwise. Therefore, whether the present Child Labor Amendment is defeated or not, Congress should be specifically empowered by another amendment so to regulate inter-State commerce as to protect those States that have high industrial standards against the unfair competition of States whose standards are low.

## January 24, 1925

A DESERTED hill-top in southern Connecticut. A winter morning, clear and cold; windless, but with a temperature two or three degrees below zero. The view extends to the horizon, north and south, and the circle is broken only by two lower hills east and west. A few wooded patches, and one leaden, ice-bound pond are all that interrupt the glittering white of the snow-covered plain. The sun, an hour and a half after rising, shines in a brilliant sky. One long cloud, low in the southwest, and a fleet of cirrus drifting slowly out of the west and toward the mounting sun—these are all that appear on the immense, dazzling blue arch.

It is half after eight, and the sun seems to blaze undiminished. The countryside is quiet and very lonely; everywhere, above and below, there is an almost intolerable brightness, as if earth and sky had been burnished. The air is extremely cold, a still, biting frost which even that fiery sun cannot temper. The bank of cirrus clouds float slowly toward the sun, and then, as if they had been brushed aside to clear the stage for the event which is to follow, swerve in their course and drift away to the southeast. The sun now shines in a stainless sky.

Ten minutes pass; something is happening in the sun—a deep semicircular cavity has been cut in its rim. But still it blazes, and still the snow sparkles and flashes in its light. A few minutes later, and an unmistakable change comes over the earth; from white the snow is turning light blue, gray-blue, and still darker. The sky has a deeper tone. The silence is broken by the nervous, excited notes of two birds—snow-buntings, who spring up from some place where they have been feeding and flutter past. The changes are more rapid now; sky and snow darken, darken, and a cold wind begins to blow, gently at first, then with some force. It lasts but a few minutes, and when it ceases the dazzling world has gone; snow-fields and sky are dipped in a strange violet twilight.

Along the snow, and following the fading rays of the sun, pass wriggling shadows, like eels. They spring from nothing, and end without cause. The sun is a curved line of light now, and clear against it is the round, dark body of the moon. The slow movement changes to one of incredible speed; the last thin source of the solar rays disap-

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pears, and a deep, miraculous shadow covers the earth. It is here in an instant, and as it descends the black circle of the moon stands alone in the sky, surrounded by silvery feathers of light. The yellow sun has quite vanished; the sky has altered to the rich blue of a clear night. Northward of that ominous black moon shine Venus and Jupiter, and between them the shy planet Mercury. Directly overhead there is one dim star. And low in the north the skies are lighted by the unearthly fires of a winter sunset—a sunset at nine o'clock in the morning!

Another flock of birds fly overhead, twittering and confused. The nocturnal blue of the snow-covered fields and the beautiful and mysterious twilight which fills the air are amazing in their sudden contrast with the brilliance of a few minutes ago. But these are nothing compared with the sunset glow in the north, and, above all, that stupendous black globe, with its pale electric radiance, dominating the sky.

A minute passes, half a minute more, and all is without change. Then a golden jewel blazes on an upper quadrant of the moon, more and more of the sun's rays follow, the fields become lighter blue, and again the wriggling shadows follow one another across the snow. The black circle moves off the sun, the planets fade, and the sunset lights have gone. Brighter and more painfully bright grow the solar rays; the snow-fields, the slopes of the hill, sparkle again, and the arch of the skies is once more clear turquoise. The unaccustomed glories and wonders have vanished, and all that remain are the glories of the high blue winter's morning.

# As They Might Have Reported the Eclipse

## By EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

MY colleagues of The Outlook asked me to collect the opinions of a few leading newspapers and periodicals upon the eclipse. Being pressed for time, and devoted to efficiency, I decided to write them myself. Here they are:

### *Mr. Simeon Strunsky in the New York "Times"*

As one increases one's years over forty-five an interest in eclipses fades. It is not senility, but a genuine doubt on our part whether this eclipse could compare for an instant with that of 1900, which, it will be remembered, was total in Virginia, the birth State of Woodrow Wilson. It is no mere fancy that there was a largeness about that eclipse, a breadth and idealism which is comparable with the brain which conceived the League of Nations. No astronomical event which showed such a decided preference for New England, for the country of the robber barons of the tariff, for the land of the Lodges and the Brandegees, could hold any real appeal for us idealists.

### *The "Saturday Evening Post"*

THE moon's shadow strode out of the West, out of the land of lumberjacks, two-fisted grub-stakers, out of the territory of cow-punchers and goat-rustlers, just as Big Shanked McGibbon came down on Red Hoss Ranch. He—

(Continued on page 265, somewhere between the Bull Durham ad and the page on Metooko Refrigerators. Have a good look for it. You may find it; anyhow, you will learn a lot about much more important subjects.)

### *The New York "World"*

IT must have been noticeable to every one that the total eclipse, after quitting American territory, approached the coast of England, but did not land. It was suffered to end ignominiously and ingloriously in the sea off the Shetland Islands—another triumph for the isolationists in the Senate. Will the Administration never abandon this miserable policy and forget its puerile fear of "foreign entanglements"? Even President Coolidge did not have the audacity to make the eclipse total in Vermont, and The World is quick to appreciate what may have been his generosity in letting it be total over Locust Valley, the home of Mr. John W. Davis. But the pettiness of the Republicans is apparent in the fact that in Western territory the sky was cloudy. Doubtless Secretary Hughes is much pleased with himself for this last venomous slap at Senator Borah.

### *The "Nation"*

IT will be observed that, on their own confession, *the eclipse was four seconds late.* If all the millions squandered on battleships, if all the mendacious efforts of the capitalist-kept press to conceal the truth about Russia from the minds of the American people—if these expenditures and efforts could have been diverted into speeding up the eclipse, into giving our workers a share in it, and into distributing smoked glasses, as outlined in a proposal made by The Nation last week—following the intelligent plan of Feodor Koffoffovitch—had these things been done, the moon would have been on time. They manage these things better in Leningrad.

### *Mr. H. L. Mencken in the "American Mercury"*

SOME ten million boobs and chuckle-headed *Schweinhunde,* blindly following the suggestions of the professors whose duty it is to obfuscate youth in the colleges of this domain of Puritanism and Methodist tyranny, gathered last Saturday to look at what American yokeldom calls an eclipse. We did not look at it. The mere fact that the *Hetman* of the Knights of Pythias was going to gaze at the show was enough to keep us from degrading ourselves, mingling with the yokelry, the booboisie, and the rest of the assorted numskulls, who were herded into swarms by the *Polizei* in the various cities, and doubtless addressed by rabble-rousers everywhere. Having seen a far better eclipse in the *Königliche und Kaiserliche Spielhaus* in Vienna in 1898 (while America was making an ass of itself with Spain), and having looked at the really superb performance in the *Poppeldrucken und Hofbrauhaus* in the *Charlottenstrasse* in Berlin in 1917, to say nothing of something else, which you wouldn't understand, which we saw in Budapest in 1920, we had no time for this fresh sample of Yankee pish-posh.

### *One of the Go-Getter Magazines*

THEY say the moon's shadow travels 1,800 miles an hour.

An impossible speed for you to equal?

NOT A BIT OF IT!

Grit, sticking to it, and EFFICIENCY.

EFFICIENCY.

Here is what Bert B. Wingus did.

He could only run 1,200 miles an hour.

He heard about the moon.

He clenched his teeth.

He studied nights.

Why go on? You know the rest.

Last Saturday he raced the moon's shadow, giving it ten minutes' start out of Detroit.

He beat it into Syracuse by ten minutes.

You can do what Bert did—

IF YOU WANT TO!

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# The Search for the End of War

## Staff Correspondence from Washington

## By DIXON MERRITT

THE Abbot of Beaulieu, before dismissing an abbey-bred youth into the world, was examining him as to what he knew thereof. Perhaps the geography writers of our own time take their model from this cloistered incident of the fourteenth century, for the abbot sent the youth upon an imaginary tour of the world.

The young man, having taken his imaginary traveler some distance, went on:

"Then he would pass through the land of the Almains and the great Roman Empire, and so to the country of the Huns and the Lithuanian pagans, beyond which lies the great city of Constantine and the kingdom of the unclean followers of Mahmoud."

"And beyond that, fair son?"

"Beyond that is Jerusalem and the Holy Land, and the great river which hath its source in the Garden of Eden."

"And then?"

"Nay, good father, I cannot tell. Methinks the end of the world is not far from there."

"Then we can still find something to teach thee, Alleyne," said the abbot, complaisantly. "Know that many strange nations lie betwixt there and the end of the world. There is the country of the Amazons, and the country of the dwarfs, and the country of the fair but evil women who slay with beholding, like the basilisk. Beyond that again is the kingdom of Prester John and of the great Cham."

So it is to-day truly. The Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, composed of representatives from nine great National organizations, embracing five million educated women, sought diligently through a whole week of day and night sessions in Washington for the last fact of the farthermost country that might disturb the peace of the world, and found, when they had gone to the ends of the known earth, some grim abbot to tell them still that, stretching beyond that far frontier, are strange lands of powerful potentialities for war.

If Europe can and will maintain the peace, if even Russia is a factor for composing differences rather than for irritating them, if Japan is divorced utterly from the will to war—still there remain great regions where dwell the kindred of the mysterious hordes which overran the West for centuries until, from the gates of Warsaw to the lapping waves of the Yellow Sea, no dog might bark without asking Mongol permission. Here the will to peace has not been taught at all, but the search of science has begun; and somewhere down the reaches of the future devastating war may roll over the world thence.

POSSIBLE causes as distant as this the Conference on the Cause and Cure of War considered, not neglecting meanwhile any of the multiform causes nearer home. As showing a fair prospect for a warless world within measurable time, the Conference did not open up any clear vista. Except for some utopians of the spirit, nobody ever expected that it would. But the Conference did this greater thing: It recognized war as a condition that exists in the nature of man as he functions upon this earth, tried to find out what it is in man that makes him go to war, and then to prepare for doing what may be done toward correcting those disorders.

Except utopians—and, if there were utopians in the Conference, they were sternly repressed—nobody believed that the work of the Conference was or could be done during the Conference. Here was a bare beginning of diagnosis. Treatment remains for the years ahead. What it was believed could be done—and what, probably, in considerable measure was done—was to start the educated women of America along a path of organized and co-ordinated effort to prevent in this country the development of those things which lead to war.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, who was general chairman, told me after the Conference was over that she thinks it stands in about the same relation to the peace movement that the Conference of 1893 in Chicago occupied toward the movement against the saloon. The saloon continued to do business, legally, for twenty-six years after that Conference was held. World peace is a bigger thing—certainly a more difficult thing—than National prohibition, and a force equally strong and standing in the same relation to it may be considerably longer in bringing it about. If other wars should come in the interval, that would not mean or even indicate that the movement is not making progress. The women of America have begun a study of war with the purpose of controlling it. That last sentence is really a fairly complete report of the Conference. No leader claimed more, perhaps.

I HAVE reported a convention of certified accountants and of numerous other groups who deal in unemotional fashion with severely practical problems, but I have never seen a more unemotional meeting than the Conference on the Cause and Cure of War. The hysteria commonly associated both with peace meetings and with war meetings—with this whole subject of international homicide—was completely absent. Through the seven days of meeting there was not a single outbreak. Only once did I see any manifestation of heat, and that was when a Russian woman, presumably not a delegate, got the floor to put the Conference on notice that the West is in no position to advise the East.

These women simply went in a practical, matter-of-fact way about finding out what causes war. They put experts on every phase of the subject on the witness-stand and cross-examined them, after first permitting the witnesses to make speeches. Many venerable men in statecraft and the science of arms testified. Some of them had wild ideas which they announced from the platform. But these ideas never, so far as I could observe, took hold upon the rows of women who filled the seats of the auditorium. More numerous than the venerable men were the young men whose work in recent years has forced them to dig into the causes of war. It may seem a strange thing, but these young men were more practical than the older ones. They dealt less with universal theories and more with regional, even local, facts. In some sort, there was the difference between the philosopher and the scientist. The old man might tell with wonderful acumen what in the abstract causes war; the young man told with remarkable precision of detail what is likely to cause a particular war in a particular place. Not all of the old men were so philosophical nor all of the young men so scientific, but the principle holds.

All of them made their contribution to the fund of information of the women who are trying to find out what brings war upon the world in order that they may do what they can to prevent it. Then the women, calling it the findings of the Conference, undertook to make a list of causes. It reads like a catalogue



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of human emotions—"fear, feeling of insecurity, suspicion, creed, desire to acquire, lust of power, ambition, hate, jealousy, envy." Others are set down less identical with the common names of the emotions of men. But, after all, human emotions are the causes of war, and any sensible conference such as this one was must so find.

The cure, then, when it is found, will be a method of restraining or, better, of redirecting emotions. The Conference undertook to enumerate some of the tools with which this may possibly be accomplished—a permanent international organization, adherence to the World Court, codification of international law, an Under-Secretary of State for Peace, extension of arbitration treaties, participation by the United States in movements looking to the reduction of armaments, general access so far as possible to natural resources, development of channels of distribution among nations, establishment of a commercial code between nations, establishment of an industrial code between nations, international definitions of unfair practices, education of children and grown-ups to think in terms of peace.

Comprehensive as this may sound, it is admittedly only the beginning of a programme.

It ought to be mentioned that every organization represented in the Conference has as its primary work something other than the promotion of peace. These are no professional peacemakers to insist upon full benefit of the beatitude. The organizations are American Association of University Women, Council of Women for Home Missions, Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions in North America, General Federation of Women's Clubs, National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association, National Council of Jewish Women, National League of Women Voters, National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, National Women's Trade Union League.

# To Whom Does Italy Belong?

## By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

**The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe**

ITALY seems outwardly quiet, save for an occasional Fascist demonstration. There you are pretty sure to hear the orator ask: *"A chi l'Italia?" "A chi il sacrificio?" "A chi la gloria?"* (To whom does Italy belong? Whose was the sacrifice? Whose is the glory?) Long before he passes from the first to the second query there is the Fascist crowd's stentorian reply, *"A Noi!"* (To *us!*) This same questioning is taken up by bands of black-shirted youths parading the streets. They never fought in the war, but they are, they know, the coming generation of power in Fascism, now the strongest and most cohesive Italian political party.

It has enjoyed much outside support from lovers of order, who fear the only too manifest divisions in the Opposition ranks. At the next election, should Opposition forces cohere enough to offer one single anti-Fascist list of nominees, Fascism may well become alarmed; but until then the Fascists may simply snap their fingers at them.

How did Fascism arise? Italy fought in the Great War to deliver Italian-speaking provinces from the Austrian yoke and to consolidate them with the homeland. But you cannot consolidate unless you have a strong Government. Now during the years following the war a Bolshevized Communism obtained increasing control of industries and politics. Liberty became license. In especial, amazing as it may seem, the Communists despised and ridiculed the army.

Of course, to all this there was bound to be reaction. The reaction was chiefly organized by Benito Mussolini, a patriot of great ability, cleverness, shrewdness, eloquence, of militant disposition and of intense energy. His rather theatrical methods, however, combined a bandit's with a statesman's.

Taking a name from the old Roman *fasces*—the bundle of staves as the sign of authority—Mussolini organized Fascism; its members became known as Fascists. He appealed, and with wonderful success, to the always impressionable and attractive youth of Italy—indeed, their Fascist song, "Giovinezza," thrills many non-Fascists. The Fascist numbers increased by leaps and bounds; there were finally a hundred thousand of them. They cowed and terrorized the Communists, seized the railways, actually "marched" on Rome. The King found it advisable to offer the Premiership to their leader.

Mussolini promised law, order, economy. He has kept his word. He has not only delivered Italy from the Communists (even though he has now made a treaty with a Bolshevist Government!), he has restored order. Administrative efficiency is ten times better than it was; finances have been adjusted, and labor conditions improved; the commerce in the ports of Genoa and Trieste is ahead of pre-war records; and the railway companies, instead of having to stop trains under Communist behest when Government *carabinieri* and other hated militant authorities were found aboard, are now running them on schedule time without hindrance, as I can testify, and, what is more, have been covering up their ugly deficits. At present Italy can consolidate—indeed, the temptation may be to over-consolidate, for Italy's annexed territory in the former Austria, in order to provide a natural military frontier, now runs to the top of the Alpine main chain and includes the German-speaking South Tyrol.

Mussolini despises the flabby and the weak. He is a strong man, an iron man, a natural dictator, and because he is such he brooks no dissent. He even thinks he can organize and administer Italy, hitherto under representative Government, as he has his Fascist forces. Here is where he makes a mistake. The Italian Government can never remain an example of personal autocracy reinforced by a "Volunteer Militia for National Safety," superior in number, as he would have it, to the country's regular army. Given the conditions producing it, the Mussolini system is practical and has been startlingly successful. But, given normal conditions, it is neither equitable nor moral.

Though the number of illegal acts perpetrated by the Fascists had been growing less, the Fascist leader, not unnaturally pleading the necessity of securing a stable Government, was actually able to persuade Parliament to pass a law denying a strictly equal chance of parliamentary representation. Under this law the largest political party in Italy obtains two-thirds of the seats in the lower house of the Italian Parliament.

This victory obtained, Mussolini began to give indications of a feeling that perhaps, after all, Italy could not be kept like a dog on a leash, and that he could afford to open some prospect of a return, sooner or later, to regular constitutional practices. But he took a long time dramatically to demonstrate this. It has only just happened, and in a way doubtless equally surprising to the Opposition, to the Fascists, and to their leader himself. He has actually "gone back" on

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his rough-and-ready electoral law. He proposes a new one, containing an amazing amount of plural voting.

But he is really the same Mussolini. Never disguising his contempt for the paralytic parliamentary proceedings of the past, with their lobbying, wire-pulling, and secret conclaves, he "plays up" to his party extremes. Thus, beginning last spring, a series of subversive events occurred, culminating in the murder of the Socialist Deputy Matteotti, Mussolini's political opponent. The popular outcry became so great that the Premier issued a decree practically forbidding free speech to the press. He immediately began to act vigorously under this decree, then allowed it mostly to lapse, but has now become more vigilant than ever. Sequestrations and confiscations are going on all over Italy, as are also perquisitions with respect to residential and other private property. This latter phase is especially remarkable in the case of the new Italia Libera society. Under the pretense that it was a republican organization, and so opposed to the monarchy, Mussolini has closed some one hundred and twenty branches all over Italy.

I have talked with Fascists and Oppositionists about these measures against free association and speech. In the court of the ample offices here of the "Corriere della Sera" (the paper of largest circulation in Italy and the ablest opponent of Fascism) I found soldiers walking up and down, ready, I suppose, to pounce upon offending issues. Inside the building, however, there seemed to be only smiling serenity. But of course editors and readers resent pressure on the right of free speech. On the other hand, concerning the "Corriere," a Fascist official in his office showed me numbers of the paper day by day for months, each starting off with an anti-Government broadside, "yet the Government has interfered with it but a few times," said the official. "Do you call that tyranny?"

Other papers have not been so fortunate. The other day the Roman "Mondo," for example, was only allowed to appear because it had reduced itself to a list of children, the announced recipients of gifts at the *Befana*—a traditional Roman Epiphany fête. The important "Lavoro" of Genoa has decided to suspend publication because of continual Government interference; the Cuneo "Subalpino" has been reduced to printing a chapter of the Bible, and the "Giustizia" of this city came out the other day with only the advertisements, and all the rest of the space blank. Even so, it was confiscated! The "Avanti"

**Premier Mussolini's latest portrait**

and the Communist papers have had worse luck.

Meanwhile Mussolini tried to improve matters a bit by compelling his militia to take the oath of allegiance to the King. Their oath hitherto had been only to Fascism! But, protested the Opposition leader, Signor Amendola, "the militia's nature is not changed by the recent oath; indeed, the oath itself has been rendered null and void by the Prime Minister's request that the militia should renew their devotion to Fascism and to consider it the safeguard of the Revolution." The word "Revolution" may seem extreme to American ears, but it is nothing less than revolution when a dictator builds up a militia to represent a party and not a country.

All these things worked on the minds of the Italian Deputies in the Opposition, and they finally refused further to participate in the sessions of the Chamber. Though professing to stand for constitutional principles and the parliamentary system, they adopted the really unconstitutional course of retiring from Parliament in high dudgeon. They "retired to the Aventine Hill," as did the old Romans before them, and were joined by many who had supported Fascism as the only possible course for the moment.

Then there began to be particular pronouncements and particular events to sharpen the situation. In October the Liberal Party, hitherto a Fascist ally, at its Leghorn meeting proclaimed that "the legitimate base of government is the country's consent manifested in constitutional forms."

On November 4, the anniversary of the Vittorio Veneto victory, as a procession of ex-soldiers was moving across one of the squares in Rome it conflicted with a larger number of Fascist militia. The cause was that the Arditi and other military organizations, together with some societies of the war wounded, resentful of Fascist interference, had refused to take part in the celebrations marking the anniversary of the Fascist march on Rome, October 28. The Combattenti—soldiers who had fought in the war and had formed themselves into a political organization—were at first with Mussolini, but now seceded from the Fascist ranks.

On November 12 Parliament opened with the absence of the Aventinists. A half-dozen anti-Fascists did, however, attend later to protest; among them the octogenarian ex-Premier Giolitti. "For the love of the Fatherland," he cried, addressing the Prime Minister, "do not treat the Italian people as if they were unworthy of the liberties they have always had in the past."

But there were enough who did not think that a dictatorship, with its prohibitions of free speech, free meeting, and a free press, should cease, even though the conditions giving it birth had ceased. So Signor Mussolini came off with a vote of confidence, 315 votes to 6, the absent Aventinists making up the balance of the membership. It should be added in all justice that the vote was put primarily on the Premier's foreign policy; the Fascists were joyous on definitely adding Fiume proper, the Dodecanese Islands, and Jubaland to Italy. But I question whether they were equally pleased with the wise treaties negotiated with Jugoslavia and Switzerland.

Suppose Mussolini were assassinated to-morrow—for some lunatic seems always ready to remove a shining mark. Would, could, any Fascist grasp the falling torch, and "carry on"? Could any Opposition leader? If not, would there be chaos and civil war? That is the question men are asking. Meanwhile, to celebrate this Holy Year, Catholic pilgrims are already arriving in Italy, and many more are coming from all over the world. The usual crowd of English, American, and other foreigners seems as large and ubiquitous as ever. And most Italians are unworriedly going about their daily duties and pleasures, doubtless feeling, as I heard one say impatiently yesterday, "There isn't going to be any trouble."

Perhaps not. But if not, it will probably be because Mussolini "comes across" towards constitutional principles and because, in return, the Opposition agrees to keep the strong man in power.

Milan, January 12, 1925.

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# Art and

Photograph by De Witt Ward

Harvesters, by Ezra Winter. A detail of the mural decoration for the Monroe County Bank of Rochester, New York

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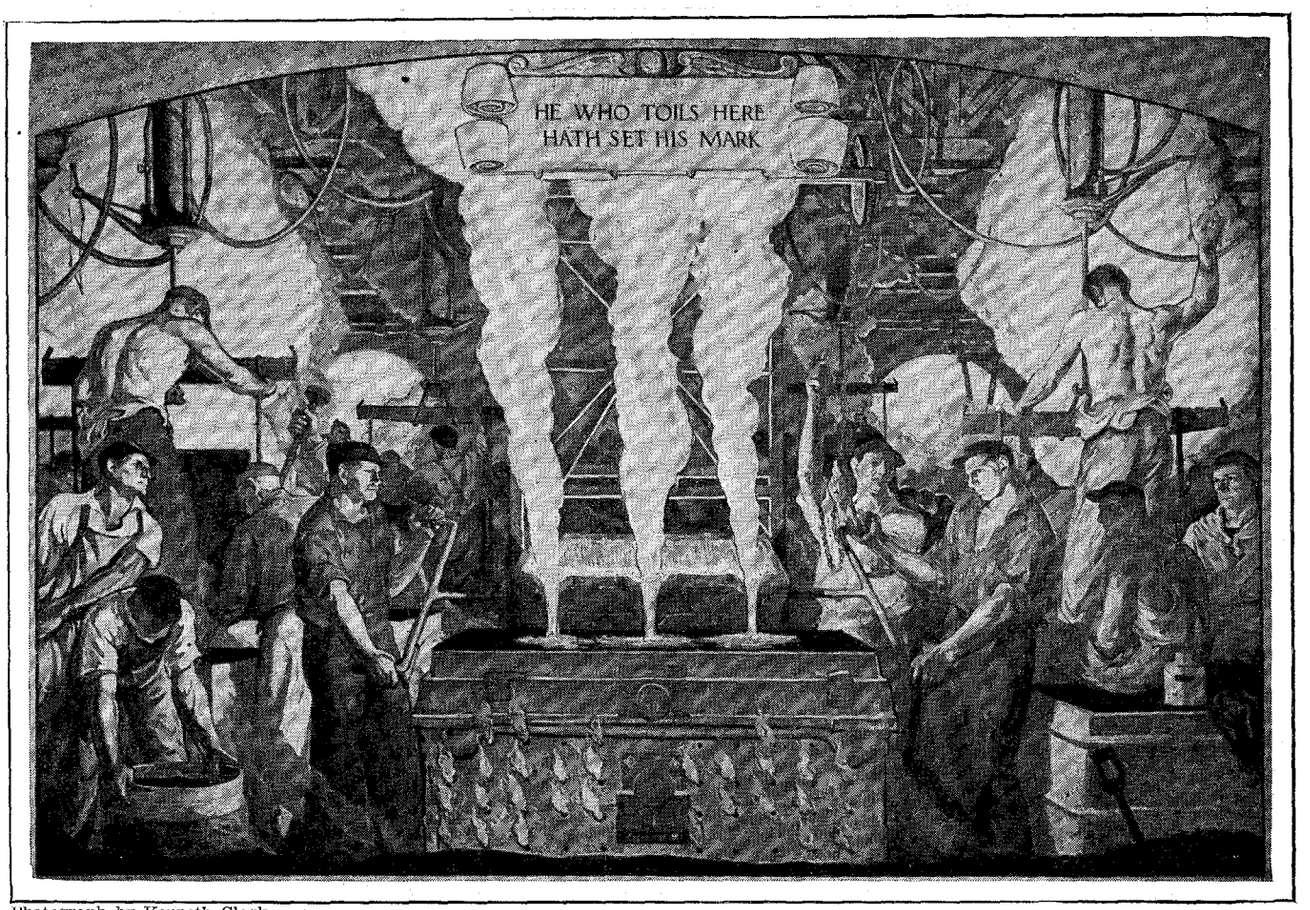
# Industry




Photograph by Kenneth Clark

**Mural Painting by Arthur Covey, for the Kohler Works, Kohler, Wisconsin**

THESE paintings occupy a prominent place in the Exhibition of Mural Art in the Brooklyn Museum, to be held February 4–March 3. This exhibition, one of the first of the kind in this country, includes examples by many noted American and European artists. The work of Mr. Ezra Winter is well known, including as it does the mural decoration of the Cunard Building in New York City and that of the Cotton Exchange. Mr. Arthur Covey's picture reproduced above is to be placed at the entrance of the works of the Kohler Company, manufacturers of enameled ironware at Kohler, Wisconsin. Mr. Covey has executed mural paintings for the Lord & Taylor store in New York City, for the Filene Company of Boston, and for the City Library of Wichita, Kansas

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# Oil the Key to the Russo-Japanese Agreement

## By K. K. KAWAKAMI

IT is too fantastic to say that the Russo-Japanese agreement just signed at Peking is the beginning of an Oriental federation which may eventually be pitted against the Occident. Generalizations of this sort have often been indulged in by both Japanese and Western critics. Some Japanese have, especially since the enactment of Oriental exclusion by the American Congress, harped upon the new orientation of Japanese policy. Such utterances may for a time serve a certain understandable purpose, but do not represent the true state of affairs.

Japan as a nation is no dreamer of dreams. She is practical and matter-of-fact. She is not easily swayed by such catchy slogans as "Asia for Asiatics," "Japanese hegemony of Asia," and the "white peril." She listens politely to Sun Yat-sens, Tagores, Joffres, and Karahans who come to her shores and harangue or whisper to her people, endeavoring to convince her that Asia's deliverance from "white domination" lies in a Pan-Asiatic movement under Japanese leadership. To the expostulations of such champions of Asia Japan says nothing, save, perhaps, that she is glad that they have elected to visit her humble land.

No, the new agreement between Tokyo and Moscow has, as far as Japan is concerned, been inspired by no such deep motives as the federation of Asiatic peoples with the reinforcement of Soviet Russia. On the contrary, it is to her a very simple matter, this *rapprochement* between the Empire and the Soviet Republic. It would indeed be hypocritical for a Japanese to deny that the thing which has induced Japan to restore friendly relations with Russia is the prospect of getting the oil which she thinks is stored in the plains and dales of northern Saghalin. She has also in view the trade which she hopes the *rapprochement* will confer upon her in Siberia and European Russia. In other words, Japan's motives in this matter are purely economic.

For years Japan has been in quest of oil, the greatest of the essential materials of modern industry, for the control of which all the leading industrial nations have brought into play their diplomatic and political resources. Her homeland yields but a scant supply of oil. Neither in Korea nor in Manchuria have there been found oil veins. Japan annually consumes something like 840,000 tons of petroleum, while she produces only 252,000 tons. In other words, her oil production amounts to only thirty per cent of her consumption. The shortage is made good by imports from California, Mexico, Java, and Borneo.

In the hope of remedying this obvious drawback, Japanese engineers have in vain prospected every section of their not very extensive country. Not only have no new fields been discovered, but the output of crude oil in Japan has steadily been decreasing since 1916, when some 532,000 tons was produced, despite the fact that the capital invested in the enterprise has been greatly increased. She realizes that without a securer and more abundant source of oil supply at her disposal her industrial structure can never be aught but precarious, while her national defense will never be on a firm foundation. Handicapped by dearth of iron ores, Japanese industry has been doubly hindered by lack of oil.

Seeing no hope for relief in the direction of Korea, Manchuria, or China, it is but natural that Japan should turn to Russia's vast eastern territories for a new source of oil supply. Russian Saghalin lies at Japan's door, and is reported to have oil fields hidden in its bosom. Of course Saghalin oil is yet an unknown quantity, but that does not deter Japan from taking a try, for she is almost desperate. Tens of millions that she may expend for prospecting and drilling wells may bring no results, but she will at least have the satisfaction of feeling that she has left nothing undone to remedy the greatest defect in her industrial system, upon whose wholesome development the solution of her vexatious population problem must largely depend.

It must not be assumed that the oil concessions obtained by Japan are of a monopolistic nature. Russian Saghalin has an area of 15,850 square miles, only a very small fraction of which is affected by the Japanese concession. As reported in the press, the prospecting right secured by Japan covers 1,000 square versts, or 280,000 acres, on the eastern coast of Saghalin, with the qualification that when prospecting proves a success only fifty per cent of the productive area will be granted to Japanese *entrepreneurs* for development. In addition, Japan is reported to have obtained a concession of over fifty per cent of a certain area whose delimitation is not yet made public, but in which prospecting has already been made. Of the output of the oil fields covered by the concessions the Russian Government is to get ten to fifteen per cent, and where gushers are found fifty per cent.

Whether these Japanese concessions come in conflict with the prospecting right which Mr. Sinclair claims to have obtained in Saghalin a few years ago is an interesting problem. Mr. Sinclair's right is said to cover all of Russian Saghalin, a monopolistic concession, but so far no prospecting has been done. Mr. Karahan, the Soviet Envoy at Peking, who negotiated the agreement with Japan, is reported to have assured the Japanese that, since Mr. Sinclair did not fulfill certain conditions, his prospecting right was no longer considered binding upon the Russian Government.

Apart from the possible Sinclair complication, Japan has entered into this agreement with no small apprehension, for she knows of not a few cases of foreign mining enterprise in Siberia made impossible under Soviet rule. It has been easy enough for foreigners to obtain concessions in Soviet Russia, but getting a concession is not so important as the possibility of operating it successfully. If the Soviet authorities impose a hundred and one unreasonable conditions upon the operation of a concession, no concessionaire can hope to make profitable business. Will the same thing happen to disillusion the Japanese?

Historically Japan has reason to rejoice over the prospect, however uncertain, of establishing an economic foothold in northern Saghalin, because the Japanese have never given up the belief that the whole of Saghalin once rightfully belonged to them, and that they were "cheated" out of that territory by the imperialistic diplomacy and militarism of Czarist Russia. They cherish the fond memory that one of their intrepid forefathers, Rinzo Mamiya by name, was the first to navigate through the Straits of Tartary and establish the theory that Saghalin, contrary to general belief among Occidentals, was not a peninsula but an island. He found the island settled by the Ainu, the race which once thrived all over northern Japan. Because Japan failed to follow Mamiya's exploration with adequate enterprise for colonization, the Russians made marauding inroads into



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the territory, with the result that in 1874 Japan was forced to recognize Russian sovereignty over it. As a consequence of the war with Russia, Japan in 1905 recovered the southern half of the island. If the new agreement with the Soviet Government proves workable, the northern half may, under Japan's economic influence, become a thriving center of oil and fishery enterprises. Russia has never so much as attempted to develop the resources of the island—she has on the continent an unbroken stretch of territory too vast for her to take care of.

# A Japanese Fleet Visits San Francisco

## Staff Correspondence by HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

WHATEVER California may feel on the Japanese question as a great domestic issue, the State has always striven to show that its feelings towards the Japanese people were only kind feelings and towards the Japanese nation only those of friendliness and respect. The visit of the Japanese fleet to San Francisco gave San Franciscans an opportunity to demonstrate again this State characteristic. San Francisco, moreover, recognized that, inasmuch as the city beyond the Golden Gate was the only port of call on continental America for the Japanese squadron, its citizens stood in place of the Nation as a whole and had a great trust to fulfill in demonstrating to the Japanese nation the real friendliness of the United States.

It is particularly noticeable that when the visit of the Japanese fleet was first announced there was an immediate softening of hard words on the eternal Japanese question. The fundamental friendliness of the United States for Japan was emphasized in all the papers and the efforts of the jingo, whether in this country or in Japan, were repudiated. For weeks before the arrival of the fleet San Francisco was preparing a welcome. A citizens' committee composed of the most influential men of the city took the matter in hand; and when the three Japanese cruisers nosed their way out of the early mist through the Golden Gate, they moved towards a city bedecked with flags and ready to accord them a real American welcome.

Fog shrouded the scene of the entry, but by the time the three men-of-war had passed Alcatraz and, sailing under the shadow of the historic Telegraph Hill, had been piloted to their anchorage close by the three American battleships —the West Virginia, Maryland, and Colorado—the sun had struggled through the mist, and the broad waters of San Francisco Bay, easily able to accommodate all the fleets of the world at one time, unfolded themselves to view.

Nothing was omitted from the traditional formality of such an event. As the Japanese flagship, Asamo, came abreast of Goat Island and within sight of the American fleet, the boom of cannon carried her message of good will. As the sound of the last of twenty-one guns echoed from the surrounding hills the American flag which had been flying at the forepeak of the Asamo was slowly lowered, and the return salute gun for gun came over the waters from the West Virginia. Within a very short time the two fleets were riding side by side, the Japanese cruisers, all of them veterans from the Russo-Japanese War, looking very small and very weatherbeaten by the side of the great American battleships. Scarcely had the Japanese ships come to anchor when a launch from the West Virginia was alongside the Asamo. It bore Admiral Wiley's chief of staff carrying an invitation to Vice-Admiral Hyakutake to visit him aboard his flagship. That was the beginning of it; and soon the waters round about the ships were the scene of much animation, motor launches plying back and forth and all manner of courtesies being extended on both sides.

Meanwhile there was ashore much stir and expectancy. Along Market Street, which seems to cut a broad swath through the city from the ferry building out towards the twin peaks, the scene was gay with flags, the Stars and Stripes alternating every few yards with the Chrysanthemum Flag of the Island Empire. Signs of welcome were everywhere displayed in shop windows, and newspapers, damp from the press, told the story of the fleet's arrival. In an incredibly short space of time, so it seemed, Japanese and American sailors began to appear on the sidewalks and language difficulty seemed to offer no obstacle to comradeship.

Already morning papers had carried a full-page message of greeting from the citizens of San Francisco, telling how San Francisco, "port of all flags on an ocean of world commerce," was that day "flying the Rising Sun and the Stars and Stripes to signalize the arrival, in man-of-war row, of the squadron of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Japan. The city of the Golden Gate," the message continued, "sees in the arrival of this squadron another token of the reciprocal good will existing between the people of the American Republic and the Empire of Japan. Greetings, Vice-Admiral Saburo Hyakutake, your officers, cadets, and enlisted men of the Asamo, the Iszuma, and the Yakumo. The people of San Francisco unite in extending the hands of hosts to you. A citizens' committee, representative of every civic and commercial group of the city, has developed an extensive programme of entertainment during your stay here and trusts that your visit will be a most enjoyable one. It looks upon your presence as another opportunity to bind anew the cordial ties that have always existed between the people of Japan and the United States." And so it went on in honest, straightforward friendliness. And hardly had one finished reading it before the evening papers were on hand containing Admiral Hyakutake's cordial reply.

The first day was taken up with the interchange of courtesies, and it was not until Saturday morning that the city extended its official welcome in the rotunda of the City Hall. This was followed by a luncheon at the Commercial Club, and thereafter all doors of entertainment seemed to fly wide open.

There can be no doubt that the visit will be productive of much good. Feeling on the Japanese question in California at times runs particularly high, and, while the visit of the Japanese fleet cannot in any way affect this great issue, it can produce that attitude of good will so necessary to a just solution of any question. As a well-known British statesman once declared on a momentous occasion, without good will we can do nothing, but given good will, we can do anything. It is safe to say that before the week's visit of the Japanese fleet is over much good work will have been done in this direction—and of a lasting nature.

By telegraph from San Francisco, California. January 25, 1925.

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# The Last of the Unexplored Lands

## By CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

**Do you know that more than half the world still awaits exploration? The new lands are not "lost behind the ranges," but under the restless surface of the seven seas**

THE teaching of geography is still at the stage of ignoring about seven-tenths of the earth's surface. Hence to ten thousand people who can bound Jugoslavia and locate Popocatepetl there is hardly one who has so much as heard of the Kerguelen Trough, the Aleutian Trench, the Crozet Rise, the Hudson Furrow, the Rio Grande Ridge, the Nero Deep—perhaps even of the Telegraph Plateau, which was famous when ocean cables were a novelty. The enlightened public cherishes the impression that, outside of the polar zones and a few great deserts, hardly any unexplored territory remains upon the face of the globe. It rarely gives a thought to the vast expanse of land beneath the sea, most of which is still unmapped and the meager nomenclature of which is just beginning to find its way into the reference books. The same public will therefore be amazed to learn that plans have just been made for a scientific expedition which is expected to lay bare the secrets of *terræ incognitæ* a thousandfold more extensive than those once opened up by Livingstone, Speke, and Stanley.

There are two chief milestones in the past history of suboceanic exploration. The United States Navy is identified with one and the British Navy with the other. The first was a phase of the comprehensive undertakings of Lieutenant Matthew Fontaine Maury, who, not content with charting winds and currents, introduced rapid methods of deep-sea sounding and secured from his large corps of nautical collaborators the data that enabled him to publish in the year 1854 the first bathymetric map of the Atlantic. The laying of the Atlantic cables was much facilitated by this enterprise. The second was the expedition of H. M. S. Challenger, under the scientific direction of Wyville Thomson and the naval command of Sir George Nares, which still holds first place among exploring expeditions, whether of sea or land. This expedition left England at Christmas, 1872, and returned in May, 1876.

America is now preparing to challenge the supremacy of the Challenger. Last summer the Secretary of the Navy invited the leading scientific lights of the Government and a few unofficial experts to confer in Washington about "all matters pertaining to a proposed United States naval expedition for research in oceanography." The conference held sessions from July 1 to October 2, and will continue to meet from time to time, its work being carried on between meetings by an Interim Executive Committee, of which Captain F. B. Bassett, Hydrographer of the Navy, is chairman. Only the aid of Congress in the shape of a modest appropriation is now needed to insure the launching, probably next summer, of what is to be called most fittingly the "Maury U. S. Naval Oceanographic Research." The original idea contemplated only a single expedition, but has grown into plans for permanent research activities on the part of the Navy. The first field of investigation will be the waters of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, with a special view to the proximity of the Panama Canal.

**A New Sir George Nares?**

**Lieutenant-Commander George E. Brandt, U. S. N., the energetic Secretary-General of the Conference on Oceanography and of its Interim Executive Committee, may be the first naval commander of the new rival of the Challenger. Who will play the rôle of Wyville Thomson (scientific director of *the great British undertaking*)?**

The mapping of subsea geography is only a part of the programme, but it is the part upon which the structure of the enterprise largely rests. In fact, the project is the direct outcome of the recent development by naval experts of a new and marvelously rapid method of sounding, which utilizes acoustic signals in place of the old-fashioned line and sinker. The "sonic depth-finder" does in minutes what the sounding-machine does in hours. Doubtless a great many vessels, of the merchant marine as well as the Navy, will eventually make soundings by this process, so that in a few years we shall probably have along all the ocean highways and in the regions penetrated by occasional voyages maps of the sea bottom as copious in their topographic details as those we now have of settled and civilized lands.

There are other new nautical devices, and other scientific problems to be solved with them, of which the Challenger explorers never dreamed. It is becoming more and more evident that the ocean, as the main reservoir of heat received from the sun, holds important clues to the mysteries of terrestrial weather and climate. Inventors have been busy with improved apparatus for determining the temperature and other physical characteristics of sea water, and the results obtained with such instruments will be promptly brought into relation with recent discoveries and hypotheses of meteorology. Certain members of the Conference on Oceanography are frankly hopeful of long-range weather forecasting. In the days of the Challenger nobody foresaw radio communication. To-day this indispensable adjunct of navigation is still subject to defects the removal of which may be brought about through research conducted at sea. Marine biology has long been prominent in oceanographic cruises. Nevertheless the world at large hardly yet realizes that in studying the teeming life of the ocean we are investigating the principal food resources of a not far distant future, when the fruitfulness of the land will no longer be able to supply the needs of an overgrown human population.

Science, however academic its aims,



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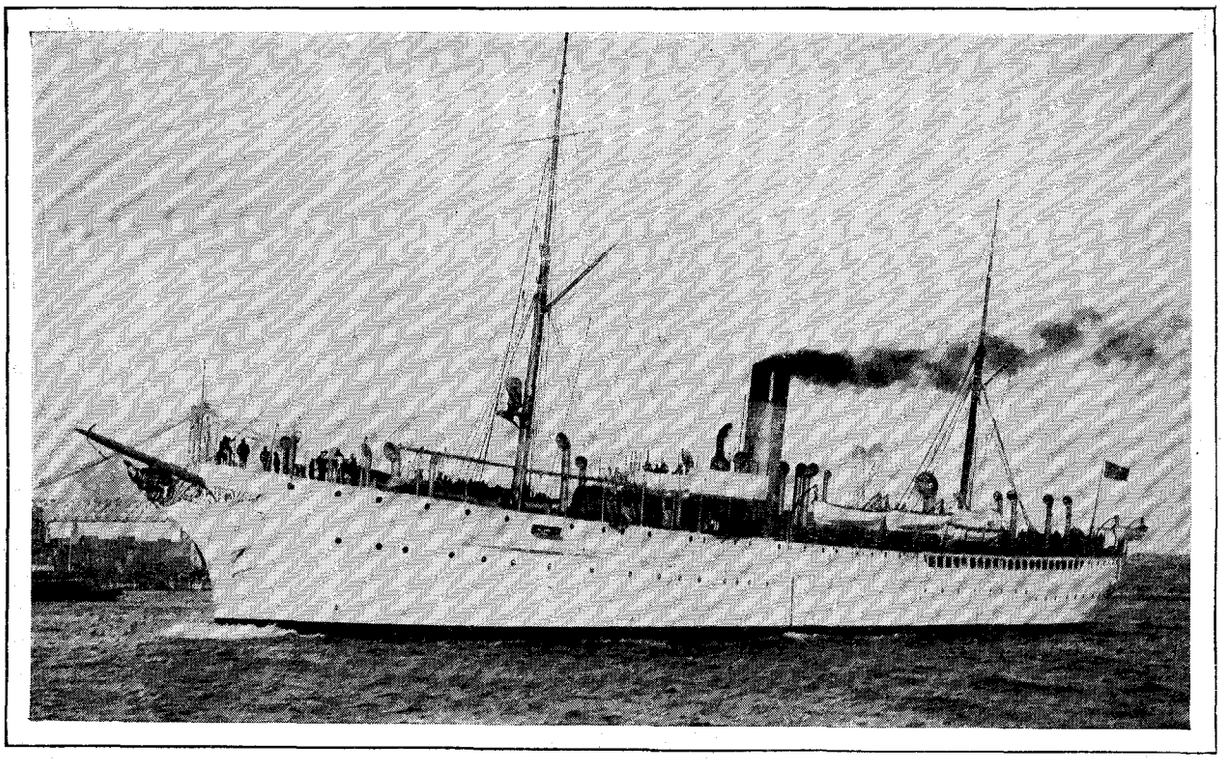
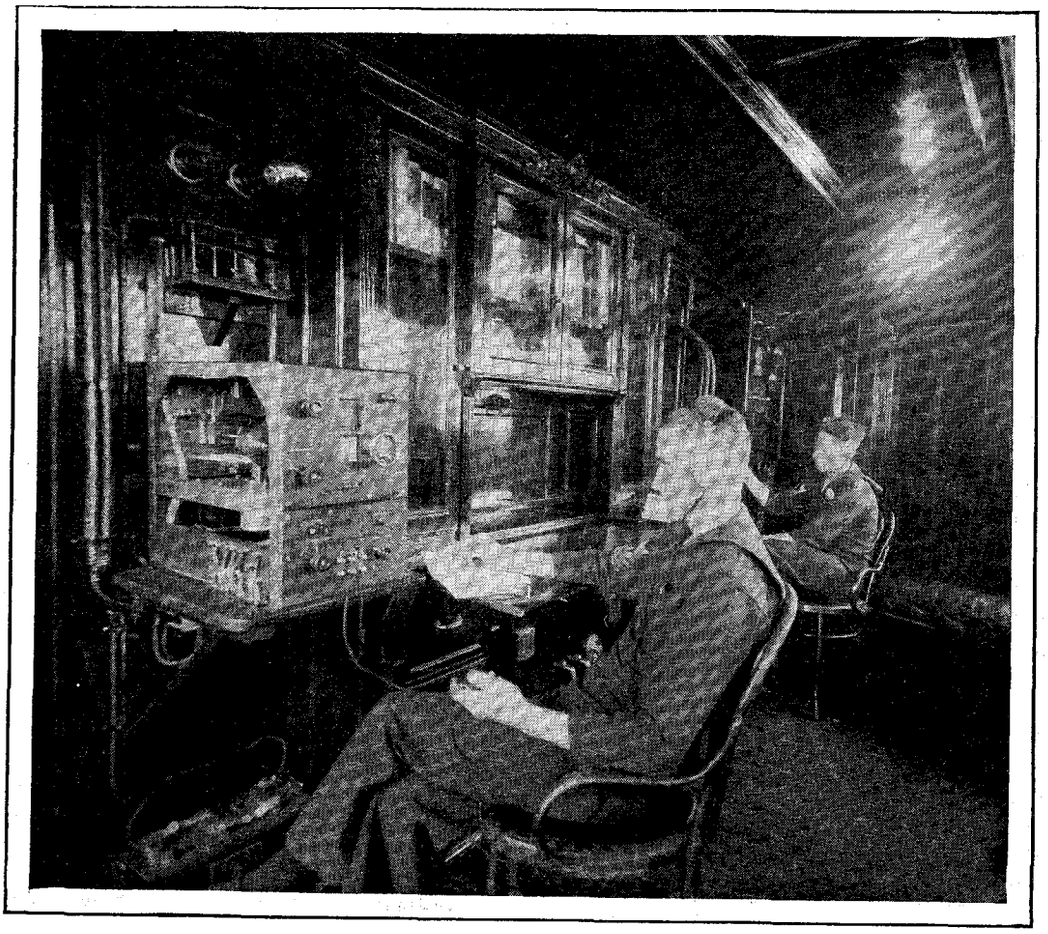


## A Twentieth-Century Challenger

The U. S. S. Rainbow, tentatively selected by the Navy to repeat, with modern improvements, the achievements of the Challenger Expedition of the last century. Originally built as a merchant vessel, she was purchased by the Navy at the time of the Spanish-American War. She has had a varied naval career. At one time she was fitted with large distillers and was assigned as water-distilling vessel for the fleet. She has also been used as a surveying vessel, as a transport for troops, as flagship of the Asiatic Fleet, as a tender for torpedo-boats, as a convoy vessel, and as a mother-ship for submarines. If the recommendation of the Conference on Oceanography is followed, she will be renamed the U. S. S. Tanner, in honor of Commander Z. L. Tanner, U. S. N., who contributed much to the advancement of oceanographic research

## The New Way of Measuring Depths at Sea

The sonic depth-finder, which was the outgrowth of a device invented during the World War for locating submarines, measures depths by sound instead of by the slow and cumbersome method of line and sinker. Sound is sent out by the instrument, strikes the bottom, and is reflected back to a specially designed receiver. The depth is calculated from the interval between the sending of the signal and the receipt of its echo. This instrument can be used while the ship is under way and can accomplish a complete survey of the bottom in one-tenth to one-twenty-fifth of the time required by any other method. Twenty-two Government vessels are now equipped with this device. The sonic depth-finder was invented by Dr. H. C. Hayes



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nearly always provides a practical justification for its undertakings. The Challenger expedition led to the discovery of phosphate rock on Christmas Island, in the Indian Ocean. The British Government made haste to annex this previously ownerless bit of territory, which yielded a fortune to Sir James Murray, head of the Challenger Office, and earned for the Government in taxes and royalties more than the total cost of the expedition.

# Jaywalkers, Flivverboobs, and the Movies

## By WILLIAM ULLMAN

### How the motion-picture camera helped to bring safety to the streets of the National capital

ONE recent Monday a number of the National capital's most distinguished jaywalkers and reckless drivers took their accustomed way to the movies for an evening's thrill. They sat through the news reels and the overtures, breathlessly awaiting the big features. And they were not disappointed.

To their amazement, they discovered that the feature players of the evening were none other than themselves—caught jaywalking, speeding, lawbreaking.

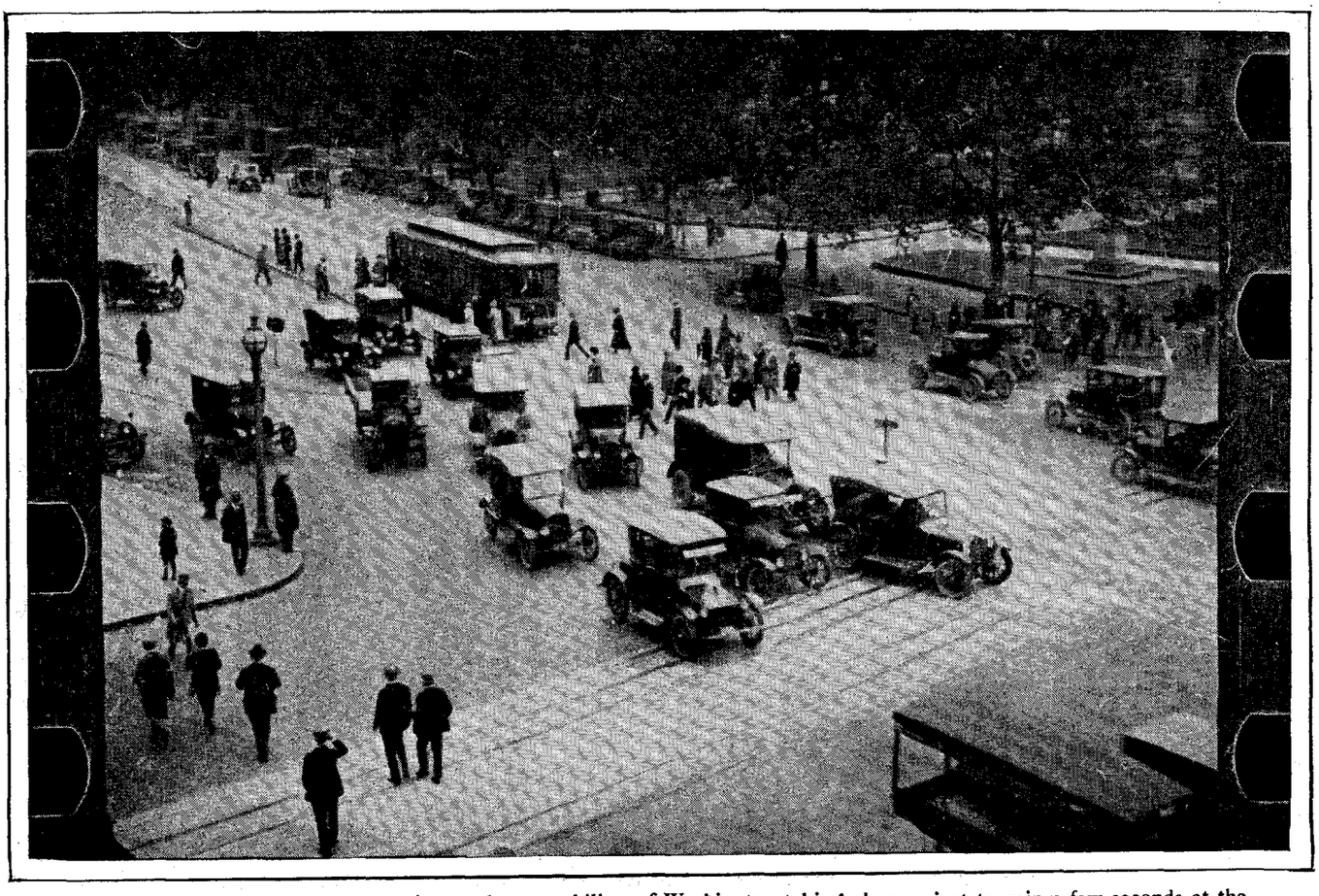
Jaywalkers and thoughtless automobilists suddenly wished they had brought along their smelling salts.

Meanwhile the rest of the audience were busy nudging one another and saying, "There, you see what a narrow escape you have when you don't watch your step!" And the parties being nudged were making certain mental resolutions that were to send them out into the streets better traffic citizens in every way.

Washington traffic violators were caught with the goods. It had never happened before. Every one hopes that it will never happen again—in Washington.

In other cities it may be a different story, unless the Nation in general is willing to take a tip from the Washington traffic films. The value of the traffic films at the National capital was to be found in the fact that they gave the people of Washington no opportunity to say that they were not true pictures of local conditions. The movie men had gone right out into the normal traffic of a normal day and "shot" just exactly what they found. It may be necessary for other cities to do the same, unless the general public is willing to believe what the people of Washington would never have believed had they not seen it all with their own eyes and recognized themselves starring as clowns.

As a safety stunt the traffic films hit square because they were genuine in every particular. With the exception of the arrangement with the Fire Department and the Emergency Hospital for "runs" nothing was staged. This is best demonstrated by the fact that the lighting in many parts of the films is extremely poor, while there is no evidence



**The camera has caught the pedestrians and automobilists of Washington taking chances just to gain a few seconds at the corner of 14th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue**

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**What do you think of the brain capacity of this flock of pedestrians? Many drivers wait in this position with cars in low gear, and a hundred things can happen easily to cause a car to jump forward and crush any one who is trying to wedge between it and the car ahead. The nautical maxim that there is more room at a boat's stern than her bow applies to automobiles as well as to ships**

at all of photographic skill. Even the section of the films showing President Coolidge wending his way intelligently across the intersection of Fourteenth and G Streets was so poor photographically that a good "still" could not be made of it.

Hollywood's junior directors would have pronounced "Our Traffic" an artistic failure, but the public and the officials of Washington pronounced it a huge success as the opening wedge in a great civic drive against carelessness. And that was the result the sponsors of the films were aiming for.

Who would have believed that a flivver driver would dare to loiter in front of a speeding fire-truck, had not some one undertaken to make a pictorial record of the instance? Who would have believed that in this day and age two automobile drivers would be so feeble-minded as to quarrel over right of way with the city's fire apparatus bearing down upon them, had not the facts been "canned" for future reference? Who would have thought it possible that pedestrians would still walk between approaching street cars, had not the story been put into such form that no one could deny it?

The editors of the Washington "Star" had been noticing a strange attitude toward the news it was printing. It sent out competent reporters to gather the facts regarding the city's carelessness and its consequences. It had prepared such material with every consideration for the facts and had presented the news forcefully and prominently in its pages. But, despite all this, the average pedestrian and the average driver seemed to take the news with a grain of salt.

"That's a story about the other fellow," said the jaywalker as he glanced through the paper on his way home from work.

"Something ought to be done with these fool drivers," said the none-too-careful driver as he read the headlines daily.

"The story is about *you*," retorted the "Star," "and we'll prove it."

The traffic films came as a thunderbolt to shake the city out of its costly belief that all the trouble was due to the "other fellow." They proved conclusively that the "other fellow" had no patent on traffic folly. The facts were all there in black and white, but moving, and act for act.

Breathlessly, jaywalkers, wild drivers, and the hundreds of people who are always just on the ragged edge watched the fire apparatus tear its hazardous way through the city, only to reach its designated point to find an innocent Ford parked nose up against the fire hydrant! Who can doubt that in seeing the driver arrested on the spot the traffic films hit square?

The ambulance dash through the city that was actually halted because of the folly of a senseless driver who thought that there was no danger in getting squarely in the way must have made a civic impression that could not easily be overlooked.

It was not confined to drivers, this movie experiment in safety. Pedestrians were shown systematically violating traffic rules and paying absolutely no heed to the whistle system, which had been adopted by the Police Department with full publicity in the newspapers. Many of these pedestrians saw for the first time in their lives what terrible chances they take, how hazardous it is to cross the street in front of or behind a street car, and how essential it is to make street crossing a serious business at all times.

Thousands of Washington pedestrians have been made to see how stupid it is to place any confidence whatsoever in

**Every person who drives a motor car ought to know enough to park at a safe distance from a fire plug. Yet pictures and fire statistics show that there are many flivverboobs who still don't. In this picture members of the National Capital Fire Department are shown moving a car from a fire plug needed to help fight a fire raging in the neighborhood**

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the automobile driver; and, conversely, thousands of motorists now know how dangerous it is to expect the pedestrian to do the right thing at the right time.

Washington was tremendously impressed by the pictures of its own folly. Safety advocates will be interested in knowing that, after viewing the pictorial record of civic folly, Inspector Albert J. Headley, Chief of the Capital Traffic Bureau, said: "I only wish that in all the hundreds of addresses I have delivered before citizen associations, at public meetings, and in schoolrooms I could have conveyed in half as thorough a manner as these pictures have done the danger pedestrians and motorists alike incur from negligence."

Commissioner James F. Oyster, in charge of the Police and Fire Departments of the District, was enthusiastic over the idea of using moving pictures as a means of educating traffic users to the need for greater vigilance and knowledge.

"In films of this kind," he said, "motorists and pedestrians have an opportunity to see themselves as others see them. Men and women who walk thoughtlessly across a busy intersection, without regard to the officer's signal, may realize the chance they take when they see it enacted on the screen.

"Likewise the motorist who cuts corners, fails to give the right of way, and violates other sections of the regulations should profit from seeing the traffic films. I am in favor of any move that will help bring home to both the jaywalker and the rider their joint responsibilities in making the streets of Washington safer."

An important feature of the films is that one cannot view them without gathering a few ideas as to how to do things, as well as how not to do them. There were many lessons in sense as well as nonsense. A lot of people who saw themselves standing back and awaiting the traffic officer's instructions to "go" also discovered for the first time what a good paying proposition it is to remember that there's always another minute for doing things.

Of the two, motorists and pedestrians, the latter are shown by the traffic films to take the greater risks. All varieties of motor mania were revealed as the pictures were reeled off, but it was at once evident that motorists are very largely protected against one another by reason of their cars and the safety devices with which the cars themselves are generally equipped. The pedestrian who took a chance on stepping between two automobiles, on the other hand, had nothing but his lucky stars to protect him.

Yes, and it was "him" a good part of the time, not always "her." The idea that the fair sex represents the chief offender in jaywalking has been officially discarded in Washington.

Just how much has been accomplished by reason of these *première* films of traffic boobs, of course, cannot be figured at this time, but Washington police and traffic officials have at least been enabled to clinch their argument that the public is the real offender and ignorance the chief problem to be tackled. One record of results, however, is worthy of note.

It happened just outside one of the picture-houses where the films were being run as a pre-release. There is a traffic rule in the District that specifically forbids the parking of cars between the street-car loading platform and the curb, yet when the show was over Inspector Headley emerged from the theater to find a car parked in exactly the place where it shouldn't be. It seems that the party the Inspector finally located and summoned to court was none other than a respectable citizen who had attended the pre-release, still under the delusion that traffic is something for the "other fellow" to worry over.

# The Religion of the New Renaissance

## By Kenneth Irving Brown

THERE is in America to-day a great spiritual hunger. People are searching for a something to displace the aristocracy of things, and dissatisfaction with the existing order—economic, political, social, and religious—is evident. Change is upon us. The religion of to-day is not that of yesterday, and the religion of the New Renaissance will not be that of our conventional religion to-day.

But as yet there is no organization nor any articulate group which can interpret the essence of this change. Discordant voices are heard, and still more frequently hungry hands are seen groping for the truth as yet discerned but dimly. Much is still undetermined, but for certain conditions of the change there appears a reasonably clear demand. Of these, as I have found them, I would write. In the preceding articles of this series I have reported my observations on religious conditions as I have met them. In this, the concluding article, may I offer the conclusions which are based upon those observations?

*"Never were there as many people fumbling for God."*

**YOUTH has thrown down its glove to the old dogmas. It demands a rephrasing of religious thought. It asks that the windows of the Church be thrown wide open to the light of reason. It seeks for truth and will accept no compromise. This is the challenging message which Kenneth I. Brown brings to Outlook readers from the younger generation. What will the Church reply to the searching spirit of those to whom it must look for its survival as a living force?**

### *Religion Must Recognize All Existing Knowledge as its Ally*

RELIGION has discovered that, like itself, science is honestly searching for the truth, and science is awakening to the discovery that the Christian religion has a scientific basis. Although the anti-evolutionists have not silenced their war-cries, religion has joined with science in the common search for truth. Man's world has broadened until his earth is left a dust-spot in an inconceivably vast universe; again, man's world has become introspective to the point that the atom contains a solar system. Such discoveries compel changes in religious thought; to the thinking man a bodily resurrection and ascension offer unsurmountable difficulties, but consider the new grandeur of the familiar phrase, "Thine is the power and the glory."

Gradually religion is coming to recognize as an ally the science of psychology. Psychology will make tremendous demands of religion; for example, it will demand a radical change in our ideas of

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prayer, but religion dare not refuse, so long as she believes that the Cause of psychological laws is related to that "enduring Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness."

There is an insistent demand to-day that Truth be called upon to testify to the great questions of the universe. Professor Conrad H. Moehlmann said in conversation: "The college man wants evidence for God on extra-Biblical grounds. The Biblical arguments he thinks he knows and he is not impressed, but bring him evidence from science and life and he is enthusiastic."

When Darwin proclaimed his thesis of evolution, our forefathers fled in fear crying, "Our faith is falling." Not so with the young man to-day. The religion of the New Renaissance dares to face any facts which science may present.

## *Religion Must be "Reasonable" in Doctrine*

It is unthinkable that the present mad rush for education should not result in the exaltation of the head over the heart, even in the matter of religion. The intellectual approach to religion is a much-traveled way, and, unless I am mistaken, for many men this awakening of interest must begin in the seat of reason. If man's reason is the very essence of the man, how else can he be converted unless he be approached there?

Our generation has been busy calling attention to the apparent discrepancies between ecclesiastical tradition and the dictates of reason, and to him who interprets religion as a series of successive revelations, as a growth, the process has been stimulative, but to the traditionalist fraught with danger.

To make the demand that religion be "reasonable" in doctrine is in no way to limit religion to the processes of reason. This demand would prohibit those things which reason opposes, while allowing for faith, which is "reason grown courageous." Reason is not a terminal agent but a necessary sentinel, ever on guard as we search for that faith which will, to use Professor Kirsopp Lake's phrase, "satisfy the soul of the saint without disgusting the intellect of the scholar."

## *Religion Must be Perfectly Honest*

There is to-day a demand for a very clear division between such facts, historical and scientific, as may be known, and those reasonable hypotheses which most satisfactorily supply the gaps beyond and behind the facts—not that the hypotheses may be discarded, but that they may be clearly recognized as hypotheses.

One of our universities planned a series of talks on the relation of certain departmental subjects and Christianity, but one after another of the members of the philosophy department declined to speak on the subject, "The Relation of Philosophy and Christianity," saying there were too many issues involved on which they were unsettled in their own minds. The comment of the students to whom this was known was, "Why could they not have come to show us those things of which they are assured, and perhaps indicate some of the problems on which they are uncertain?" This same sentiment was voiced by a Princeton senior:

> Professors should not be so wary about expressing their opinion on religious subjects; the universal sameness and indefiniteness of all but a few make one realize they are not saying all they think and consequently they plant the seed of doubt much more deeply. When one feels that something is being kept from one, one is naturally doubtful about the truth of what is being said.

If the questioning method which has been so assiduously fostered in education is to be applied to religion—and there is every indication that it is being applied—let there be freedom and intellectual honesty in discussing those matters which are in debate.

## *Religion Must be Expressed in a Phraseology Suited to the Needs of the People*

Let the spiritual leaders of America interpret the universal human experiences in the vernacular of the people. Religion is not too aristocratic to be expressed in the common vocabulary. Words, like garments, grow frayed and need to be replaced. One reason for the distrust of the word "religion" to-day is the connotation, for oldster and youngster alike, of piety, and piety is a good word eternally lost to the philological fold. "I always put the word 'conversion' in the same class with the word 'victuals,'" a student recently said.

The coinage of the old faith is debased in the spiritual markets of the world; phrases which once described living experiences have become word-husks. I have often wondered if some of the accredited indifference of our young people to religion is not sheer ignorance of what the whole thing is about. The preacher's patois is not theirs; and some of our churchly phrases—"sanctification," "clinging to the cross," "washed in the blood," "absolute surrender"—are almost meaningless to many of our young men and women. Let the words of our faith be challenged, that we do not delude ourselves with mellifluous nonsense. Christ offered some excellent advice, still applicable, about the folly of putting new wine into old wine-skins.

## *Religion Must Recognize that Spiritual Values are Paramount*

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God" applies both to the churches and to individuals. Organized religion, along with university life, needs to keep constantly in mind that costly buildings and elaborately equipped plants are only the shell, and, after all, non-essential for salvation. From the taint of gross materialism religion must be kept free. Too often in our cant about religion and business is found the argument that religion will increase our earthly profits. The fact may be true or false, but as a point in favor of religion the argument is thoroughly pagan. Let religion ever insist that the life is more important than the output of the laborer, that love is greater than any gift of alms, that the rule of ideas is superior to the rule of things. What shall it profit religion if it have the costliest temple in the world, with an altar of pure gold and windows of choicest glass, with a musical service beyond compare and a congregation of millionaires—what shall it profit religion if it have all this and lose the message that God is a spirit, and those who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth?

## *Religion Must Have a Constructive Social Programme*

The farce of praying, "Thy will be done on earth," without interfering with existing institutions confessedly unchristian has become patent. If religion is life, as we are constantly told, there are some things in life which need changing, and in the name of religion the change must come. Men like the late Walter Rauschenbusch and Charles A. Ellwood have pointed the way to bring religion out of its temple and enshrine it in the market-place.

Let religion aid in the solution of our social evil; and the sermon will be not a catalogue of don'ts, but in the nature of a classroom exposition. At the close of the war a returning soldier wrote:

> I find myself, as every young man does, faced by a sex problem. In the army I was given good, sound information, advice, and discipline on that subject; but I cannot remember the church ever facing that problem.

But the criticism is not true of many churches to-day. Men like Dr. A. W. Beaven, of Rochester, New York, have led the way with an annual series of practical talks to young people on the

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problems of courtship and marriage. The response has forever silenced those who doubted the need.

This is but one of many perplexities. Let our spiritual leaders bring us face to face with the practical necessity of justice for the laborer and the employer, of a world court to promote justice between nations, of fairer relations between the black and the white man, and in God's name challenge us to engage in a struggle which shall in truth be a holy war.

## *Religion Must be Recognized as a Spiritual Growth*

PROTESTANTISM has no Index Expurgatorius, and yet the tendency has been strongly to ban as dangerous any books or studies which might unsettle "the faith." This was not freedom. The religion of the New Renaissance cannot afford to proscribe any book or prohibit any course of study. It dare not erect barriers to shut the inquirer from any of the rich fields of this world's knowledge.

Moreover, religion dare not be static. It, like youth, must grow in wisdom and stature. And when religion shall be recognized as a spiritual growth, such a tragedy as that noted in these jottings on a college questionnaire will be avoidable:

> Graduate of a Mid-Western college. Plan to teach zoölogy. By denomination a Baptist. I intended to go into medicine, for I wanted to be medical missionary, but funds were unavailable. The field of science which I now intend to enter is "taboo" to the conservative religious element of my church, and hence I have rather lost interest in the church.

## *Religion Must be Individualistic*

IT is not contradictory to affirm that religion must embody a social gospel and at the same time be individualistic. A religion with final authority in the conscience of man is of necessity individualistic, depending upon the heart and mind of man for its interpretation.

The influence of this demand may be far-reaching. It will clog the steps of the man who goes out to impose a set of dogmas or a stereotyped emotional experience upon his fellow-man, but it will hasten him who seeks to awaken in another the latent "divine life," that it may blossom in its own way. An individualistic religion frowns upon the top-hat, black-frocked missionary who passes out tracts of cloistered and antediluvian doctrine to the benighted heathen, but it smiles upon the Christian engineer, the Christian physician, the Christian educator, and the Christian preacher who goes into all the world sharing with the world's people the best which he has in his life.

I met a man who spoke to me with evident irritation of the "personal work" demanded by the leader of the deputation work in his college:

> Who are we men to urge other men and boys to become Christians? That is to say, and rightly I believe, that if we are Christians, good ones, our service is to show the boys and girls with whom we come in contact what a Christian is by clean, wholesome fun, comradeship, and thought. If this example arouses admiration, they will look up to and imitate our men after they are gone. I once went as a leader of a deputation on which I followed the theory I have mentioned. When I gave my report at the meeting, I had to admit that we, at least I, had done no "personal work." There was a silence, and the leader said, "I am afraid your deputation has not been a success."

But who can know that it was not?

## *Religion Must be Co-operative*

RELIGION must be tolerant; but tolerance borders so nearly on neutrality that it becomes an easy virtue. Religion must be more; it must be co-operative. "Thy will be done on earth" is a reasonably broad programme of co-operation. Differences of creed can be put aside. And, more: religion on that ground can co-operate with those bodies who do not call themselves Christian, who may even oppose Christianity, but who still want the same kind of world that God's will on earth would bring.

The conversation was hopelessly Utopian, of course, and utterly foolish which I overheard from two young men of training, both prospective candidates for the ministry, talking in a restaurant. If they had not seen the folly of such terms, the one might have called himself a Fundamentalist and the other a Modernist. The latter said: "Why wouldn't it be possible for us to serve in the same church? There is much we believe in common—at least we both worship the only God. If you insisted on preaching a sermon on the Virgin Birth in the morning, I might explain my position in the evening, and between the two positions the congregation could choose. Why not?"

And the Fundamentalist was broad enough (or was it indifference to Utopia?) to echo, "Why not?"

A Harvard graduate student voiced this plea for co-operation when he wrote apropos of the function of the Graduate Schools Society:

> Cannot the society do something to help dispel the illusion which prevents a Catholic student from going to Carol Service at Appleton Chapel for fear he will have to stand up and shout "Down with the Pope," or which prevents a non-Semitic student from venturing inside a synagogue for fear he will be circumcised?

## *Religion Must Appeal to the Morally Heroic in Man*

LET religion be done with apologies and undaunted fling its challenge in the face of the world. Let it call men to follow after it dangerously. There is need for heroes in its social programmes. Youth is not won by an easy task. It welcomes hardship and privation for a cause in which it can believe. Let religion be the great adventure, demanding everything of mind and body and soul, and as in the past so in the present and future, whether it be to establish a chain of co-operative stores in China or to teach biology to the natives of Burma, whether it be to do a great engineering feat that the deserts of our own country may blossom again or to handle a club of unruly youngsters, youth will respond.

ALL these characteristics which I have mentioned are concerned with the appeal or the function of religion rather than with the substance of the message. What kind of a religion is it which shall be co-operative, individualistic, working in harmony with all human knowledge, and recognizing spiritual values as paramount? I have found only one answer to the question. It must be, not Christianity *per se* as the centuries have delivered it, for ideas false to the spirit of Jesus, like wolves in sheep's clothing, have crept in, but the religion of the ideas and life of Jesus.

There is the feeling that, if Jesus Christ did, as we profess to believe, lead the most spiritually successful life of any being whose feet ever trod earth's paths, it might be well if we studied more carefully the records of that life, both in the historical Gospels and in the interpretative study of John. Did Jesus really propound and incorporate in his life (the double test may afford safety in the case of troublesome isolated passages) those things which are credited to him? In the words of an earnest college man, "Let's face the Sermon on the Mount, and see whether we do believe it in the midst of our loud professions; and, as a corollary, let's see if we practice it."

That is the demand of to-day, that the religion of the New Renaissance aid men to rediscover the Jesus whose life had such attraction that men left their fishing-nets and counting-tables to be with him, and whose words fired their hearers to a courage and a wisdom undreamed of in them.

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# Masters of Ice and Snow

P. & A. Photos

The ancient game of Scotland has been thoroughly acclimatized at the famous Swiss resort of St. Moritz. The scene shows the experts of the curling club in action

P. & A. Photos

Boy Scouts are among the leaders of those who enjoy the pleasures of snow and ice. Here is a New York State troop on a winter hike

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# Long Distance on the Wire

## By GEORGE WITTEN

### Baldwin Jones goes in for a quick clean-up, and cuts a wisdom tooth

"I'LL think the matter over, and give you an answer in a few days." Baldwin Jones had made his money through hard work, and accumulated it by careful economy. He wasn't going to be rushed into any wild schemes by stock promoters.

"There is no immediate hurry, Mr. Jones," said the clever salesman, studying the psychology of his prospect. "You are right in wanting to investigate us. Any proposition that is sound will stand investigation. Here is our office address. We shall be glad to hear from you after you have looked thoroughly into Petroleum Limited."

Jones smiled wisely as he let the salesman out of the front door and bade him good-afternoon.

The next day he received a neat letter in his morning mail headed "The Investor's Assurance Company," which informed him that by communicating with the above office he could receive free information and advice on any stocks or bonds. Inclosed was a small pamphlet explaining how the Assurance Company operated. It was very simple and very fair. They kept in close touch with all markets and developments, and from their fund of knowledge advised you where to place your money. You paid them nothing until you received a dividend on your investment, then you paid them one-half of one per cent. Unless they made money for you, they got nothing for their services. What could be more just?

"Um! I'll just drop in there and hear what they have to say about Petroleum Limited." Jones pocketed the letter, and turned to his morning paper.

At the office of the Investor's Assurance Company he was met by Wilfred Perkins, a genial individual, who shook his head sagely and advised caution in putting money into Petroleum Limited. He turned to a cabinet file and pulled out a folder. "Here," he said, "is our present report on that concern:

" 'The officers are all men of wide experience in the oil industry. They have been connected with several successes and one or two bad failures. However, they are regarded as honest, and will exert every effort to make money for their stockholders.

" 'The properties on which the corporation now holds the mineral rights are reported by geologists to contain oil.

" 'They have been drilling for several months, but have not yet struck oil in paying quantities.'

"The situation there is precarious," he said, closing the folder; "you might put your money into it and clean up a fortune, then again it might mean a total loss. The only safe way to play the game with a proposition of that kind is to watch them. If they strike a gusher, then buy up all the stock you can before it becomes known and the price jumps up."

"But how can a man up here watch what they are doing in Texas?" asked Jones.

"That is our work. We keep men in the field constantly. When anything of worth develops, we inform our clients immediately. At present we have several people interested in Petroleum Limited. The situation is such that I think it warrants my going to Texas myself and watching the developments. Our man there is very reliable, but when there are so many people concerned I always think it best to be on the ground myself. Now, Mr. Jones, if you wish me to, I will put your name down as being interested in Petroleum Limited, and will keep you informed on what they are doing."

Mr. Jones decided that he was interested. If he could get inside information so easily, he would be a fool not to take it.

"Very good, Mr. Jones; if you wish to become one of our clients, we will ask you to sign the usual form of agreement. This binds you to nothing, except that you agree to pay us one-half of one per cent on all profits you make on stocks in which we advise you to invest. Is this agreeable?"

"Yes." Mr. Jones could see nothing unfair in such an arrangement.

"Now," said Perkins, the paper having been signed by both parties in duplicate, "I'm going to ask you not to make any investments without first consulting us. As our client, whatever you do reflects on us, and we always want to point to our people and be able to say that they are successful. Remember one thing, Mr. Jones: stock brokers have but one object in view—that is, selling stock. Whether the stock succeeds or not doesn't affect them. Don't let them talk you into anything without our advice. Especially this Petroleum Limited, which I believe is going to be a good bet, but at present we don't know. Just stand pat, and wait for results from us. Have your money ready, and when we give the word buy as much as you can. Another thing, whatever we tell you is strictly confidential, and only for your own use."

Jones left the office of Perkins feeling that he had got a footing on the inside of high finance. How simple it all was when you knew the ropes! The moment Petroleum Limited struck a real gusher Perkins would send him the tip, then he would buy up the stock rapidly, before the news reached the public. When the stock boomed, he could either sell out or hold it and rake in large dividends. For several days he maintained an air of mystery and smiled knowingly among his friends. He bought his wife several presents, and treated himself to a few choice cigars.

Finally a short letter arrived from Perkins:

*Dear Jones:*

Things are happening with Petroleum Limited. Am leaving for Texas to-day. I will keep you posted. Be ready.

Sincerely yours,
WILFRED PERKINS.

For three days Jones lived in suppressed excitement. He turned his Liberty Bonds and everything else he had that was negotiable into ready cash. Then he waited restlessly at his home for a message from Perkins.

At eleven o'clock on the third night his telephone rang.

"Hello!" he answered, trying to speak naturally.

"Long-distance call for Mr. Baldwin Jones," came a soft feminine voice.

"Yes, this is Jones."

"Hold the wire just a moment, Mr. Jones.—All right, go ahead. All right, Texas!"

"Hello, hello! Is this Baldwin Jones?" came the distant voice.

"Yes, this is Jones." Perspiration was standing out on his forehead, his knees knocked together.

"This is Perkins. I'm down in Texas. Petroleum Limited struck a gusher late to-day. Get out first thing in the morning, and buy all you can. Don't breathe



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a word to any one. I'm sending you a night letter. Good-by. See you next week." Before Jones could form words on his lips to speak there was a click on the wire, and the voice was gone.

He hung up the receiver, and steadied himself against the table. He was trembling from head to foot. For hours he paced the floor. He counted and recounted his money. Where could he get more? Mortgage the house. Yes, he'd do that just as soon as he could find a bank open. Finally he lay down and fell into a fitful sleep, in which he dreamed he was a multimillionaire.

At eight o'clock the next morning the door-bell rang, and a messenger handed Jones a yellow envelope marked "Telegram." He tore it open with trembling hands, and read:

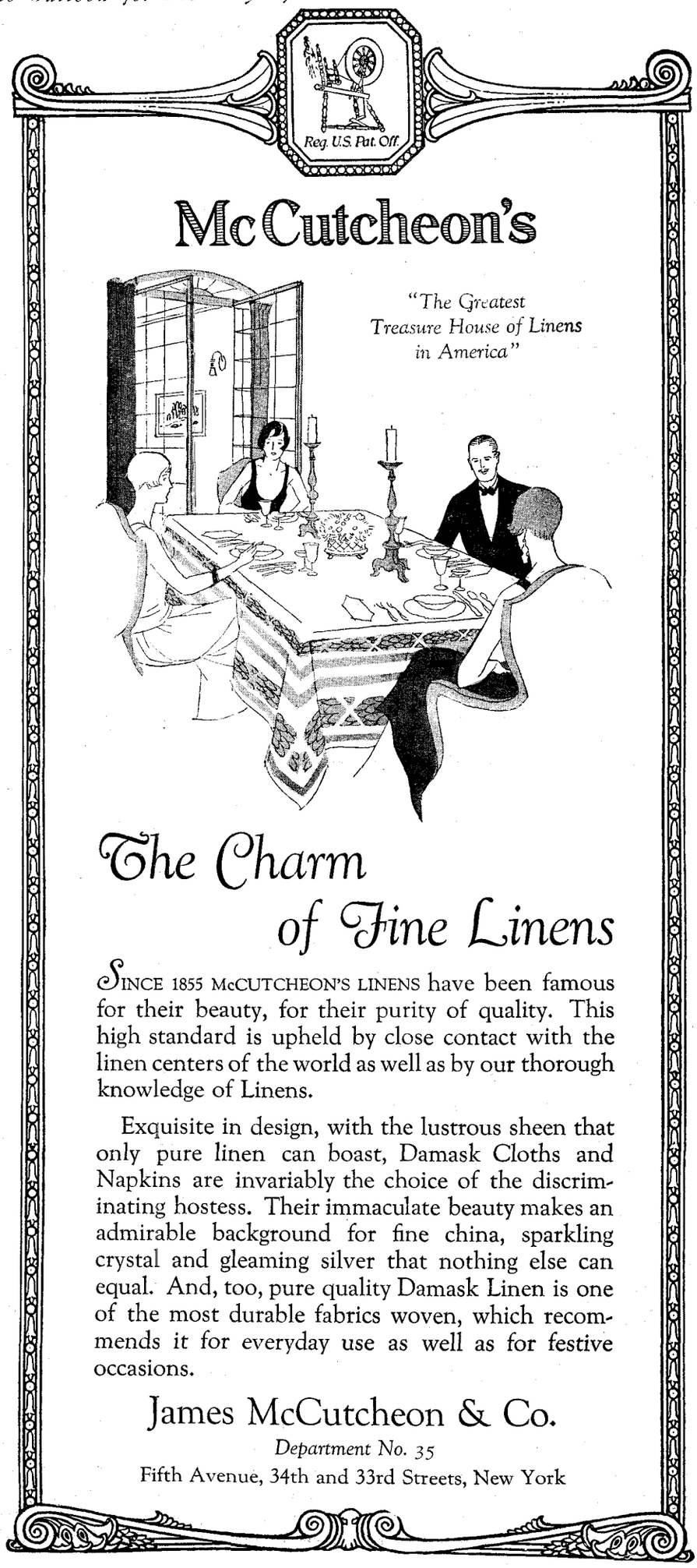
NIGHT LETTER
BANGOR TEXAS 9P
BALDWIN JONES
LONG ISLAND NY
PL STRUCK GUSHER LATE TODAY STOP PEOPLE HERE GONE WILD STOP BUY ALL YOU CAN STOCK WILL BOOM IN FEW HOURS STOP DONT TELL ANYONE STOP CHANCE TO MAKE MILLION IN FEW WEEKS STOP LEAVING HERE NOON TOMORROW WILL SEE YOU IN FEW DAYS PERKINS

Jones grabbed a newspaper as he hurried to the broker's office, and scanned it hurriedly. Thank goodness there was no mention of the oil boom! His great chance had come!

At the broker's office he found several other men waiting for the door to open. Like Jones, they were all excited, but all trying to appear indifferent. When the door opened, there was a rush to buy shares of Petroleum Limited. The broker seemed puzzled, and at a loss to understand what had brought the sudden demand. Jones bought his shares, then hurried out to mortgage his house and buy another five thousand dollars' worth before it went up.

With his stock tucked safely away in a deposit vault, he waited for news of Perkins, and watched the papers for the boom. But neither came. Finally his patience gave out, and he went to the offices of the Investor's Assurance Company. These he found closed, and learned from the elevator starter that the company had vacated them ten days previous, and had left no forwarding address. Panic-stricken, he rushed to the broker's office. This, too had been vacated, and the broker gone to parts unknown.

Jones still has his stock, which has never paid a dividend, and never will. Now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he is working hard and saving his money to pay off the mortgage on his house. He does not know that Perkins and the broker were both of the same gang; that the "long distance" call was made from a telephone booth a few blocks from his home, and that the feminine voice he heard that night belonged to a girl companion of Perkins; that Perkins had never been in Texas, and that the "telegram" he received that morning was a fake, written on a fake form made similar to the genuine article, and brought by a local messenger.

All he does know is that his money is gone, and that the fraud that was played upon him was also played upon a number of other men in his community.

# The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

## Rough Stuff

IN "Charlot's Revue" Miss Beatrice Lillie, that surpassing comedian, sang one of her numbers in the costume of a bellicose female citizen of London's East End—of Limehouse, perhaps. In the manner of a hard-boiled lady and with a jaw temporarily prognathous, she conveyed to her audience the message that she was tough, very tough. At the conclusion of each verse, as she is deftly thrown over the shoulder of her dancing partner (a light-weight pugilist off duty) she comes down, sometimes on both feet, sometimes sitting, but always with a thump. The moment of her landing is nicely timed to coincide with her refrain:

*Rough stuff!* That's *me!*

As I watched her, it seemed to me that she represents the Muse of Literature in the minds and purposes of some of the most earnest practitioners of that art. To portray the human animal as a hairy ape, to chuck us out raw slices of life, as Neolithic man used to distribute gobbets of mastodon flesh after a killing—this is the purpose of the theater, of fiction, of autobiography, and even of poetry. There is still another resemblance between Miss Lillie and those who profess, in their books, to give us life with the husks on. It is all acting. Miss Lillie in private life is entitled to have her name enrolled among the lists of the Baronetage of England. There is, however, a point at which all comparisons cease; and that is in the possession of a sense of the ridiculous. For the actress is clearly a humorist, while our grim realists keep their faces set. They can be bitter—they can be very, very bitter! Like the White Queen, who practiced to believe impossible things for half an hour a day, they can be bitter six times before breakfast. Sarcasm is theirs; sometimes they achieve irony, or a kind of obscurity which is conveniently called irony when the adoring critic isn't quite sure what the author meant. But humor—no; this world is too sad a place for that. It is, in fact, the Valley of the Shadow, just as the Puritans, whom these realists so ardently attack and so closely resemble, thought that it was.

Reading one of the newest of the hobo autobiographies (Jim Tully's "Beggars of Life") and reviews in which it is highly praised as the real thing, I am puzzled to discover how the writers of book reviews get this way, and how it is that they should be so quick to detect the falsity of a silly optimism, like that in the "Polyanna" books, but so blind to the bunk in the literary rough stuff. For, despite two or three chapters which are not only entertaining but which sound genuine, the work as a whole strikes me as written by an instructor in English in some one of the universities, temporarily oppressed by too much culture, and determined to get down to life, raw and bleeding, and perhaps to profit by the fact that literature has seldom been so free from censorship as it is to-day.

As the last statement is apt to be challenged, appearing in this place, let me quote from the arch-belaborers of Puritanism and humbug, Mr. Mencken and Mr. Nathan. These editors of the "American Mercury" have, except for certain nationalistic slants, the great merit of impartiality; hitting almost every head in sight, they are less prejudiced than most of us. They can see the humbug in the radical as well as in the conservative, in the anti-Puritan as well as in the Puritan, and thus they manage to keep well ahead of the swarm of Little Menckens and Little Nathans, who imitate their phrases and adopt their vocabularies in the pages of their own magazine. In their "Clinical Notes," in last November's "American Mercury," appeared these perfectly truthful remarks:

> Despite the wails that are still lifted whenever censorship is mentioned, it should be clear to a man with cinders in both eyes that never before in the history of American literature and drama have things been so happily free from interference by busybodies as they are at the present time. Books are published that so little as three years ago would have been raided before the ink was dry, and plays are shown that, no less than two years back, would have brought down a veritable hurricane of gendarmes. Only the movies are still subjected to a rigorous censorship, and they should be. . . .

(I am not sure, by the way, that I agree with the last sentence, about the movies.)

Even the intellect of the young intellectuals should be able to perceive that the Puritan is played out as a bugaboo. Despite the fact that the Clean Books Bill is again being urged before the Legislature of New York (where I hope it will be defeated), there are too many critics and too many writers of books who see a Puritan in every tree. Gelett Burgess speaks of the kind of person who used to say, "This is Liberty Hall"—and then made you drink beer whether you liked it or not. Let authors be free to discuss sex if they wish to, and if they are capable of handling that great subject, but let's not make them write about it if they do not care to. The tendency of criticism for a number of years has been to dragoon everybody into writing about it. A novel on adultery was "artistic" *per se,* while one about another commandment had to be judged upon its merits. The strange part of this mental attitude was that it existed chiefly in those who had always been keen about style, about the manner of writing, and about letting the author choose his own matter. Yet they suddenly, and perhaps unconsciously, began to narrow the list of subjects in which they would take interest, until, if their prejudices were respected, there remained only one theme for the novelist.

A great number of third and fourth rate novels, because they dwelt heavily and often tediously upon sex, have been praised far above their merits, because the critics have been terrified. They quaked with fear of being called "Puritan." For example, the reception given to the chief harper upon this theme and one of the deadliest bores in the history of English fiction, Mr. D. H. Lawrence. If an author takes care to say "belly"

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nstead of "stomach" and to use the vord "guts" rather frequently—and with :onscious pride of his daring—he is not nly "frank" but "significant." His vriting may be slipshod, his novels the products of a veritable windbag, but if ie sends his hero, at about the fourth :hapter, into the red-light district, he is surely colossal—another Balzac. If he goes still further, and talks, even with a minimum of wit and less than no interest, about perversions—as in the books of an English writer of trifles before whom incense is now being burned—he achieves such "subtlety" that all other writers are told to despair of reaching his perfection.

Amid this tosh—some of the worst of which has been uttered in America by Mr. Carl Van Vechten—it is cheering to read this from Mr. J. B. Priestly's "Figures in Modern Literature:"

> If Mr. W. W. Jacobs's stories had been concerned with absinthe and prostitution instead of beer and matrimony; if they had first appeared in the "Pale Review" instead of the "Strand Magazine," and had been afterwards brought out in small private editions instead of such-and-such a sevenpenny or shilling series; if, in short, they had succeeded in depressing a handful instead of amusing a multitude of readers, then the very persons who never mention Mr. Jacobs would long ago have called him a great artist. Delicate appreciations of his art would have made their appearance in our English literary journals, and superior persons in America, following their usual custom, would have produced thesis after thesis analyzing his technique.

Perhaps the funniest thing in the situation is to hear a critic—and a few belated ones are still doing it—praise an author for his "courage" in writing a book dealing "frankly" with sex.

Considering the fact that to write a book of that kind means immediate hullabaloo in the critical journals and some sure-fire commercial success, it takes just as much courage to write a book dealing frankly with sex as it does to wave the American flag in a musical comedy. Art is concerned in precisely the same degree in each instance. E. L. P.

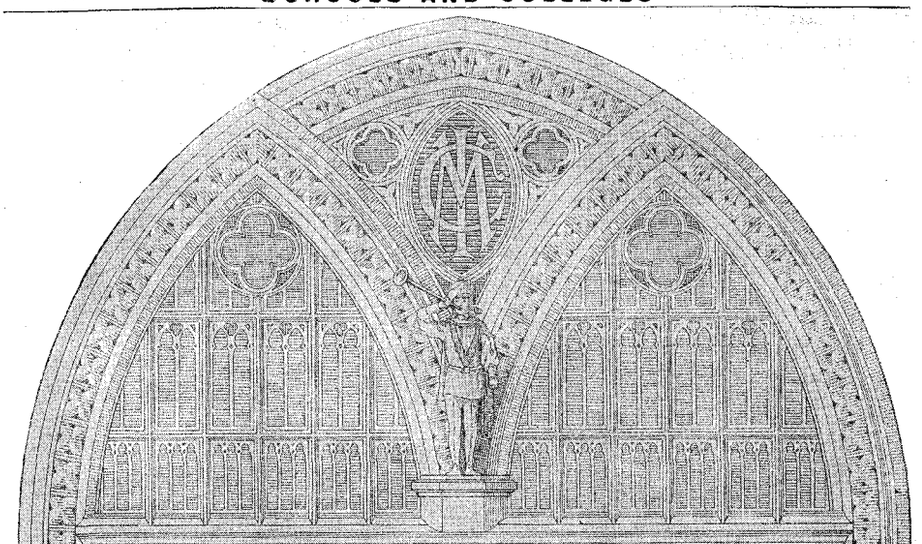
# The New Books

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

**ETHICS: ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT.** By Prince Kropotkin. Authorized Translation from the Russian by Louis S. Friedland and Joseph R. Piroshnikoff. Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press, New York. $4.

Prince Kropotkin proposed to himself a redintegration of the science of ethics, so hard buffeted by evolutionist thinking. It was to be in two parts, the first of which, the introductory part, should


SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES



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trace the origin and development of moral feelings and conceptions, while the second should be the constructive part. He lived to complete (almost) the first part, which we have here, with an admirable argument for the naturalistic basis and evolutionary development of ethical ideas, and a no less admirable summary of the history of ethics. There is perhaps no better book of its kind; not only is it authoritative, but also it is written in a style so easy, lucid, and persuasive as to attract the general reader. Obviously, the translators have done their work well.

BIOGRAPHY

**CARLYLE.** By David Alec Wilson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

This is the second volume of a new biography of Carlyle, and covers the period of that worthy's life 1826–37; that is, from the year of his marriage to the year of the publication of "The French Revolution." The author is attempting a kind of restoration of Carlyle from the defacement inflicted by Froude and the obfuscation created by the smoke of battle between Froudians and anti-Froudians. The story is told, as it should be, so far as possible by quotation from the Carlylean correspondence. Carlyle was at his best in those years 1826–37, before his outrageous conceit of himself as in the prophetic succession marred both his writing and his personality. The biographer is richly gifted with humor and common sense, and in the spirit of a Frans Hals produces a realistic portrait. A peculiar value is given to the book by the new light thrown on the character of Francis Jeffrey (of the "Edinburgh Review") by the letters from Jeffrey to Carlyle quoted therein. We are apt to think of Jeffrey as a poetapaphaginian (if one may put it that way); instead, he was a very warm-hearted and sweet-tempered person.

**TWICE THIRTY: SOME SHORT AND SIMPLE ANNALS OF THE ROAD.** By Edward W. Bok. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4.50.

A large American public responded warmly to "The Americanization of Edward Bok." Some reviewers were plaintive about its naïveté, its childlike charm. They seemed to feel that the chronicler was either too artless for belief or too frank for comfort. They spotted here the sentimentalism of the household mentor, and there the indecorum of the well-meaning alien. Perhaps they almost wished to find something ludicrous in this moralizing Dutch-American who seemed to think he could tell us all where to get off—in words of one syllable.

But the general reader, free from the awful responsibility of public criticism, felt nothing of this. He felt the man's warmth, his honesty, his inquiring zest, and his healthy faith. "Twice Thirty," more casually and fragmentarily, expresses the same man: a man of a simple nature and various intelligence; keen about many things, but always keen. Autograph collecting, the job of being a father, the art of friendship; the study of national traits and tendencies Dutch, British, or American; devotion in war time, zeal for peace—these are his themes. Not least the art of friendship. What other man living was so closely friend and confidant to both Roosevelt and Wilson? What other man living is more unaffectedly responsive to the call of his fellow-man at large? Heartily we hope for the fulfillment of the promise written on the last page of this book: "By the Same Author: To Be Published in 1954: Thrice Thirty."

SCIENCE

**ANCIENT HUNTERS.** By W. J. Sollas. The Macmillan Company, New York. $6.50.

"Ancient Hunters and Their Modern Representatives" was first published in 1911. Since then it has become one of the anthropological classics which no serious student of that subject omits to read. The new edition has been greatly extended in length.

The ancient hunters are the old stone age men. Professor Sollas (Oxford) assimilates some of their cultures and races to certain extant cultures. The culture of the early races which left us the crudely chipped eoliths compares closely with that of the recently extinct Tasmanians. That of Neanderthal man resembles that of the Australian aborigine. Some of the Aurignacian cave artists of France and Spain resemble in culture and in physical characteristics the modern Bushmen of South Africa. The Magdalenian of 15,000 years ago is a blood relation to the modern Eskimo.

In scope "Ancient Hunters" covers not only these groups of peoples, but the whole old stone age. The style is extremely readable, while the intelligent reader would have little difficulty in following the argument, even where it is somewhat technical.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

**A SHAKESPEAREAN ENIGMA AND AN ELIZABETHAN MANIA.** By John F. Forbis. The American Library Service. $4.50.

Shakespeare still goes to people's heads, makes them see things and write fantastically of what they see. This present visionary does not worry about the authorship of the plays. He accepts the man of Avon as the poet of all time. But he accepts him with sad brow. Shakespeare, it seems, was a confirmed

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drunkard. The tale of his losing battle with the cup he told in the Sonnets as well as in other non-dramatic verse. Now and here all this hitherto enigmatic matter is reprinted, paraphrased, and expounded to the complete satisfaction of the expositor. The Youth and the Dark Lady of the Sonnets both represented Wine, which the poet hated as an enemy, but believed necessary to his work. He had to decide between virtuous sterility and alcoholic productiveness. Alas! we know what he produced!

But this is not all. Poor Shakespeare's battle was the battle also of the other famous sonneteers of his time—Sidney, Daniel, Lodge, Drayton, Spenser, *et al.* Their verses, so similar in theme to Shakespeare's, express "the exaltations and depressions of drunken poets." This announcement, says the discoverer, "is not made with any degree of pleasure;" and it is with sorrow as a fellow-man if with satisfaction as a theorist that he proceeds to trace the whole business—this dual mania of sonneteering and drink—back to the French and Italian poets, and so to the great original maniac Petrarch. The moral is dark.

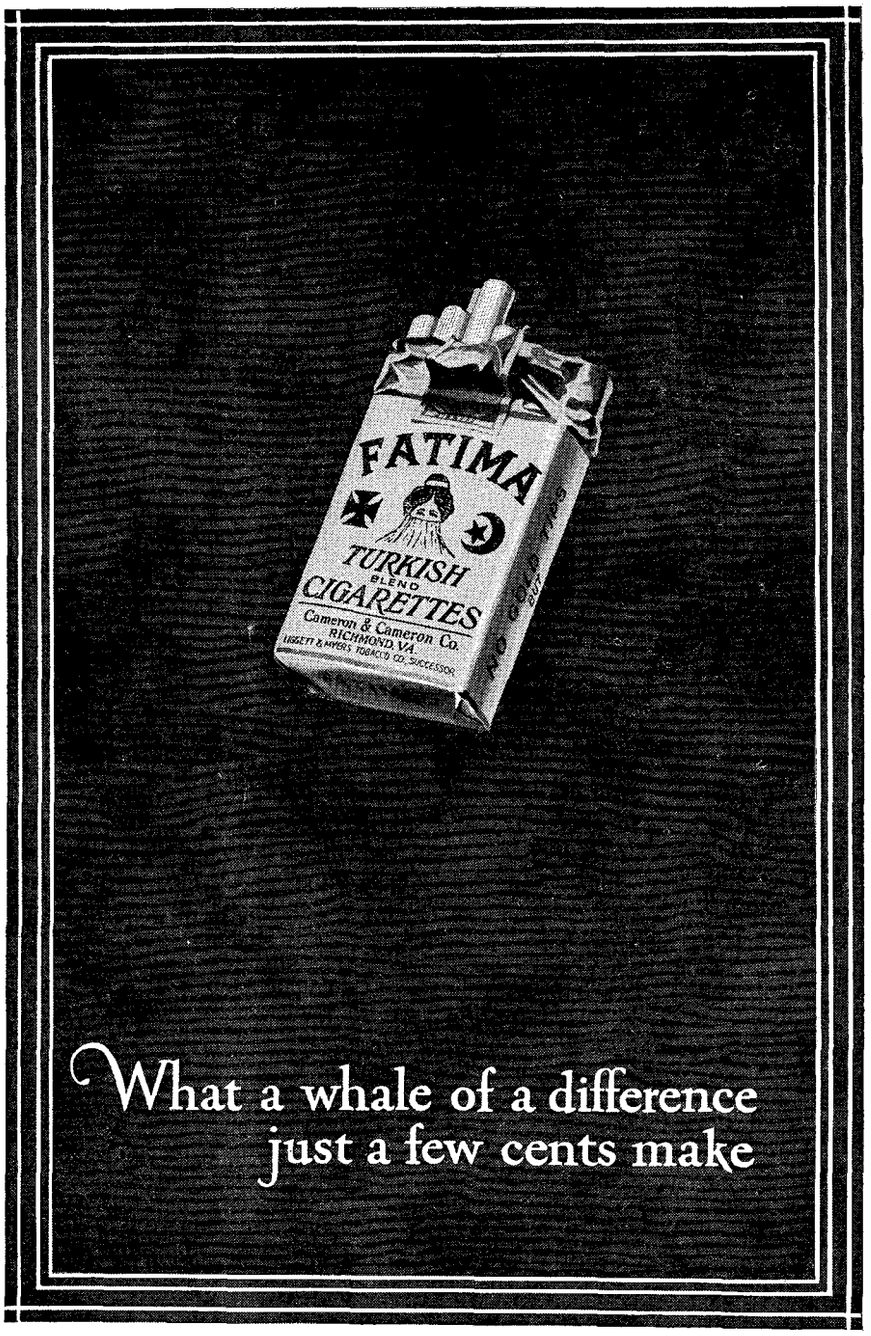
DRAMA

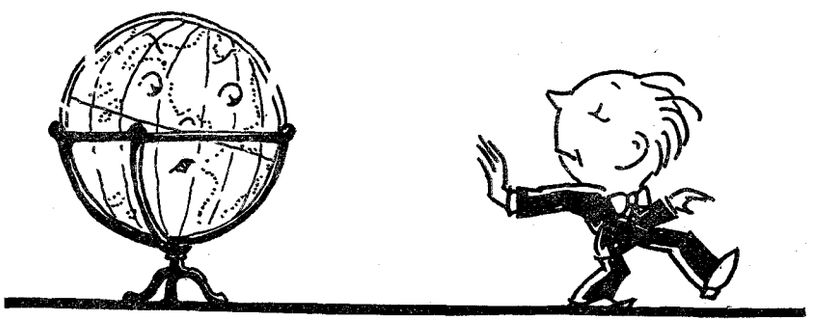
**COSTUMING A PLAY.** Inter-Theatre Arts Handbook. By Elizabeth B. Grimball and Rhea Wells. The Century Company, New York. $3.

This serviceable little book is written with a directness and simplicity that give it distinction. Following its historical and practical suggestions carefully, the reader is given an excellent course in the development of costume through the different centuries, and is shown the modern application of these costumes to stage work—not professional, but amateur. Yet, whether professional or amateur, the problems of materials, color, design, wholeness of effect, and other points that trouble the producer are about the same. With the excellent text there are offered references for verification and types of plays requiring period costumes. The generous plates which the publishers have added to each section of the book will visualize the text, even though they are in line and not in color.

**ONE ACT PLAYS FOR STAGE AND STUDY.** Preface by Augustus Thomas. Samuel French, New York. $3.

This anthology of twenty-five short plays by American, English, and Irish dramatists is a heterogeneous collection of good and bad, showing some writers at their best, with others who take the one-act form trivially, and hence have not treated it worthily. There has been a great advance in the technique of the one-act play since the time Mr. Thomas wrote his "The Man Upstairs" to satisfy

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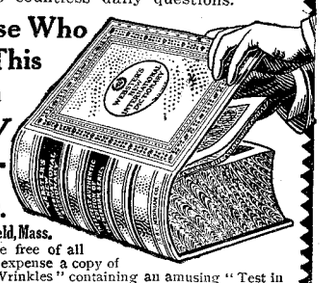

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those church social groups that used to present anything that had movement and noise,—qualities which were considered dramatic in those days. None of the recognized playwrights in this collection —neither Jones, nor Pinero, nor Ade, nor Gillette, nor Manners, nor Parker—saw the artistic value of the one-act form. It would rather aid their reputations were these examples of their work lost. But one is glad to have such little gems as Strong's "The Little Father of the Wilderness" and Fenn and Pryce's "'Op-o'-Me-Thumb;" while the reading of Arthur Hopkins's "Moonshine" and "Judge Lynch," by J. W. Rogers, Jr., convinces us that the American writer is finding a happy medium for the use of much native material. We shall never forget the thrill we got when we saw acted W. W. Jacobs's "The Ghost of Jerry Bundler;" reading suggests its stage effectiveness. In Mr. Thomas's preface he tells the interesting story of Charles Frohman's attempting to persuade Barrie to change his "Twelve-Pound Look" into a long play—such was his lack of faith in the one-act form. The present anthology is avowedly made up for the acting group; its literary value is uneven, as though much of the material had been resurrected rather than urgently chosen.

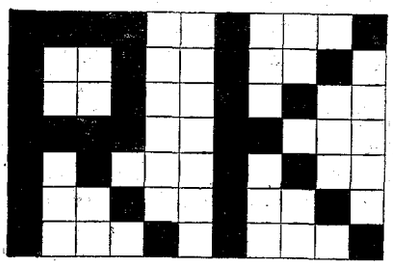
MISCELLANEOUS

**BEAUTIFUL GARDENS IN AMERICA.** By Louise Shelton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $10.

It was in 1915 that "Beautiful Gardens in America," by Louise Shelton, first appeared; a volume of the most artistic and representative photographs then obtainable of American gardens in different parts of the country. It was—it could not have failed to be—immediately successful. Now, after a lapse of ten years, comes this new edition, from which some of the less notable pictures have been eliminated while a hundred and ninety-five new and better ones have been added. Photography has made a great advance in ten years, and if the original collection was good to pore over, the present one, enlarged and improved, of our most beautiful gardens beautifully presented is indeed a refreshment and delight to eye and spirit. Most of the illustrations are in half-tone; eight are in full color.

**GARDENS: A NOTE-BOOK OF PLANS AND SKETCHES.** By J. C. N. Forestier. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $12.

The text of this richly interesting volume, translated from the French by Helen Morganthau Fox, is everywhere secondary to the admirable plans and sketches, which are extremely varied, often novel, and frequently of great beauty. Mr. Forestier has been much

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influenced by the old Spanish gardeners; indeed, some of his best work has been done in Spain in creating new gardens and restoring old ones. He considers the Spanish style much more readily adaptable and attractive for other countries besides Spain than is the more rigid and formal Italian, too often unwisely employed. The sketches show alluring gardens, ranging from those designed for a great hotel, for a factory, for parks and magnificent country places, to plans suitable for modest houses situated on small suburban lots. All are full of effective detail and charming in general effect.

# Shanties and Stars

By Bill Adams

**The first of a series of adventures in humanity**

It's a picture gallery. That's what life is. I can look back and see them, pictures hung by invisible strings to an invisible wall, with beyond them the stars of eternity. There are big pictures and little, laughable ones and sorrowful ones, each with the unmistakable touch of the finger of the Artist.

I see a little fellow in a fustian suit and brown puttees. I worked for him, and was very glad indeed to get the job —"$50 a month an' board yourself. You can take one o' the horses to snake your wood down out o' the hills on a Sunday. It'll cost you nuthin'."

I lived in a dinky cottage—shanty, if you like—under three old live-oak trees, and I kept a Jersey cow, a lot of Buff Orpington chickens, eleven cats, and a large tawny dog. I didn't mean to keep all the cats. They just sort of collected. My very little girl named them all. I've forgotten most, but remember a tortoise-shell called "Silk Hat Harry, the Dressmaker." She was always having kittens.

The Jersey cow was young and very little. I paid $35 for her, fresh with her first calf, and she made eleven pounds of butter a week. Her name was "Sarah I Mew." It had something to do with the way the cats acted at milking time and the fact that I had said Sarah was a good name for a little yellow cow.

The mountains rose close by on three sides of the ranch, and farther away on the fourth side. In summer the air quivered all day long, oven hot; but the nights were transparent, darkly under stars or marvelous beneath the moon. A coyote used to sit on a big flat-topped rock in the brush near to my shanty and howl all the woes of the valley. There were deer within a quarter of an hour's walk.

In winter snow ridged the hill-tops and rain drove in hurtled sheets along a southeast wind; so that we were cut off from the ranch and the world beyond by a raging crick—which fell to a trickle again within two hours of the cessation of the rain.

I can't tell you about the spring. You'll have to go to the valley to see it if you want to know. It was as though the little valley had gone to sleep and had in its slumbers dropped gently out from the bottom of heaven to come to rest on the earth.

Every morning and evening, when I had done the barn chores and went home to call Sarah I Mew to be milked, the eleven cats trotted purring at my heels over the plank that spanned the crick, their tails all straight up. The moment I was over the crick they bolted ahead of me, to sit in a ring and purr round Sarah I Mew.

Just beyond a ridge in front of my home was what the other hired man called a "bee apiray." There was a "grape vineyard" beyond it.

The horses were Frank and Jumbo, Flora and Maud (I'm giving them to you in teams, the way they worked), Big Nig and Little Nig, Sam and Mary, Pearl and Bird. There was a speckled mare called "that Kate horse," and a balky mare called Dolly. Also there was a colt whose mother died when he was born. We raised him by hand, on a bottle, and now and then gave him a raw egg, at the suggestion of the other hired man, who broke it down his throat. His name (not the hired man's—the colt's) was Knickers, and he used to come up the three steps into my kitchen and steal my chicken feed. We kept the chicken feed in the kitchen.

If we overslept on a Sunday morning, Sarah I Mew put her head through the open window of our other room and mooed just over my chin.

The blue jays stole the eggs from my hens' nests. The quail called from within twenty feet of my porch. The cooing of innumerable doves and the song of many birds whose names I do not know made the world lovely. When Tommy De Blue Jay came to stay with us, the jays ceased to take our eggs. Tommy De Blue Jay was an enormous tabby cat who paid us periodical visits of a week or so, and lived wild in the brush the rest of the time. The other cats fought him.

The middle-aged Hungarian who

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pruned the fruit trees tried to make love to the ranch-house cook, who was a "shouting Methodist." When she did not respond, he told us, "Eeder ees got nudder faller or ees crahzee!"

Meta did not like me. She dreamed that I was to be a missionary, and asked me next morning what I would do if I had a call. I said, "If it was to dinner, I'd unhitch my team and run." You can't please every one.

I lived on that ranch two years, and don't think I ever saw a newspaper. It didn't seem to matter. I wasn't off the place three times in the two years, except once in a while when teaming.

The little chap in fustian was czar of the whole works. He was a good square boss and an awful liar. The more you said, "Yes, sure," the more he lied. It hurt no one and amused him and me.

I've worked for a heap of men, and, looking backward, I like—dang it, I *love* —'em all, bar one. He was crooked. We'll forget him. Besides, he may have reformed. Queer things happen.

The boss was one of those very small, very aggressive men who behave like banty roosters and love nothing better than to pick on or quarrel with big men; the bigger, the better. I was some inches better than six foot, and weigh round 190 ready for my bath.

I lived one side of the crick, and the big horse barn was on the other, hidden by brush—sage and greasewood, willow and sycamore, mountain lilac and such like. The horse barn was full of the boss's chickens, and I didn't allow mine over there.

One noon when I came to dinner I missed Gobble. He was my big buff rooster, and, happening to look over toward the barn, I saw him, indistinctly, through the brush by the crick. I jumped up and ran to get him home. When I came to the other side of the plank that spanned the crick, the boss was there. He stared at me, same way a banty looks at a barred-rock cockrel. He'd been teaming all morning with Dolly, his offside wheeler. Dolly was balky. He looked very cross. I fetched up with a start when I saw him.

"What yer want?" he growled.

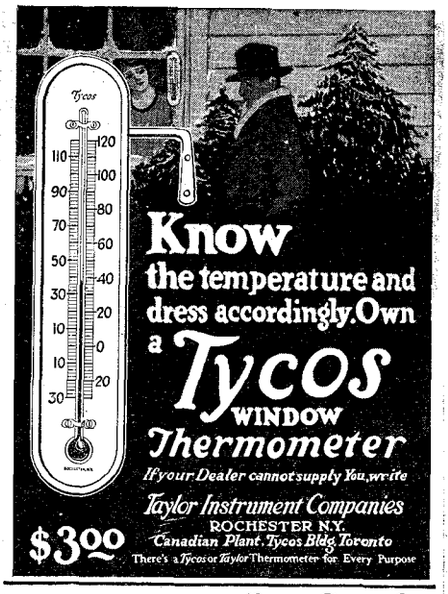
Like a fool, I said, without thinking: "I mistook you for my buff rooster."

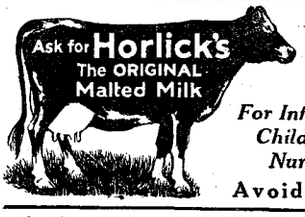
You ought to have seen his face.

He never said a word, and I went back to my dinner.

I can see him to-day, sixteen years after. He was a good little boss.

He's gone now. Good luck to him! Maybe I'll meet him t'other side of the crick, in his fustian and puttees.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### MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

AMERICAN NEGROES NEED competent leaders in business. Aid is needed to establish a chair of business administration for training competent Negro students. Address President Adams, Atlanta University, Atlanta, Ga.

WANTED — Adoption home together in Pennsylvania for two little sisters 2½ years and 8 months old. History satisfactory. 5,742, Outlook.

LADIES—Let Patricia Dix help you with that next club or study paper. Information upon request Rates reasonable. 5,445, Outlook.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

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FOR SALE—An ideal woman's cash business in New York City, established four years. Has a high class clientele and growing mail order trade. Would be interesting proposition to family of fine needle workers. References given and required. 5,734, Outlook.

LECTURER on political, economic, social, and humorous subjects, specializing in harmonizing big business with agriculture and labor, always effective, wants booking agent. Plenty of leads. Lecturer, care Business Chronicle, 1504 Alaska Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

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CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Institutional executives, secretaries, social workers. Housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. Governesses, companions, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

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COMPANION-nurse, young, strong cheerful, for old lady confined to chair. References required. B. Anderson, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

EARN $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet CM-27. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

EXPERIENCED woman under 50, cheerful, healthy, to take full charge 2 little girls aged 4 and 2; one servant kept; 1½ hours from New York. Permanent home for right person. Write experience and references. 5,738, Outlook.

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WANTED—Competent, reliable colored woman for general housework by young woman living alone in country. Applicant must be kind and willing and good plain cook. 5,739, Outlook.

WANTED—General houseworker, white for 2 adults and child. Will take woman with girl of school age. One who prefers good home to high wages. Laundry optional. Write Mrs. Thayer A. Smith, Short Hills, N. J. Phone 998 Short Hills.

WANTED—Mother's helper for four children, ages 7, 5, 4 years and six months. References required. State salary expected. To go to small town. 5,737, Outlook.

## SITUATIONS WANTED

A college woman of world-wide traveling experience will act as guide or traveling companion to a party or individual during the summer months. Exchange of references required. 5,735, Outlook.

AMERICAN woman SUPERVISOR. Excellent references. Available February 15. 5,743, Outlook.

COLLEGE GIRL, knowledge French, experienced shorthand typist, traveled Italy and France, desires travel Europe this summer as secretary, tutor, or companion, or position in home near New York City. Excellent references. Address E. F. Boyd, Wells College, Aurora, N. Y.

CULTURED young woman wishes to travel as companion or governess. Well educated. References. 5,733, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED, highly recommended teacher for backward child. 5,719, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, companion, mother's helper, educated, experienced woman. 5,740, Outlook.

HARVARD graduate student, experienced traveler, tutor, guide, as summer companion-tutor to small party of older boys on EUROPEAN TOUR. M. S. Balch, Perkins, 71, Cambridge, Mass.

MIDDLE-aged lady, companion to active lady or grown children. Experienced. Will travel. Address 532 Rhode Island Ave., Norfolk, Va.

POSITION as COMPANION, PRACTICAL NURSE, SECRETARY to lady or gentleman traveling abroad. Southern woman, 35, experienced traveler, knowledge French, German. References given and required. 5,732, Outlook.

POSITION wanted—Mature woman, experienced primary, kindergarten; successful with delicate children. Diet, light physical care. Personal references. 5,741, Outlook.

SUPERINTENDENT of boys' home, capable executive, eight years' experience, five years in present position, age forty-nine, Methodist, must have change of climate to benefit wife's health. Can give references to other institutions and to the president and chairman of the executive committee of my present board. Would prefer country institution for delinquent or dependent children. 5,747, Outlook.

THOROUGHLY trained woman desires position as housekeeper for man with children, in New York City. Experienced in sewing of all kinds. 5,731, Outlook.


# By the Way

THE youngest college president in America is said to be Charles E. Whittle, President of Ogden College, at Bowling Green, Kentucky. He was twenty-three years old when he was elected, in 1923. Mr. Whittle was asked by the writer of an article about him in the "American Magazine" whether people were prejudiced against him on account of his age.

"On the contrary," answered Mr. Whittle, "most people like to help a young fellow along. I recall one case, though, where my age kept me out of a job. I went to a man and asked him for a certain position.

"'Come to see me when you are five years older,' he said, 'and I may give you the job.'

"'Five years from now,' I replied, 'I wouldn't have the job. I'll want a better one by that time.'

"Later on he sent for me and gave me the position that he had thought I was too young to fill."

---

Despatch to the Philadelphia "Public Ledger:"

Fatigued after hours of futile study over a baffling cross-word puzzle, W. E. Carruthers, of Los Angeles, stretched his mouth in such a prodigious yawn that he dislocated his jaw. Hospital surgeons said it was the city's, possibly the country's, first cross-word-puzzle casualty.

---

From the Charleston "News and Courier:"

A countryman from the mountains of North Carolina, while in the city, was invited out to dine. During dinner he was asked if he would have some corn, and he promptly replied, "Why, thank you!" and passed his glass.

---

The "American Legion Weekly" seems to specialize, to judge from the two following anecdotes, in twin stories:

"An yo' say dat little twin baby am a gal?" inquired Parson Jones of one of his colored flock.

"Yassah."

"An' de other one. Am dat of de contrary sex?"

"Yassah. She am a gal too."

"What makes you seem so worried to-day, dear?" asked the absent-minded professor's wife.

"I can't remember which of the twins' birthdays is to-morrow."

---

Tucked away among the formal marriage notices in the Springfield "Republican" of May 13, 1837, according to "The History of an Independent Newspaper," by Richard Hooker, appeared the following:

MARRIED.—In Cooperstown, N. Y., Mr. Abel Price, age 22, to Mrs. Euphronia Rugg, age 69—

Their marriage sure is snug,
They joined them in a trice,
And now 'tis clear that one old Rugg
Has fetched a handsome Price.

---

Apropos of the above paragraph, it may be observed that among the salient facts brought out at the celebration last year of the centenary of the Springfield "Republican" was the statement that in one respect that journal is unique. Other American papers have reached their hundredth year, but the "Republican" is the only one whose ownership has remained in the same family for a century.

---

Present-day juvenile precocity is illustrated by the editor of the London "Sphere" in the following anecdote: "Only the other day I heard a child of seven reply thus to his mother's chaff about his little cousin: 'I am not going to marry a cousin and have my children idiots.'"

---

Two contributions to the next edition of the Book of Etiquette come from obliging subscribers—the first from a teacher in a South Dakota Indian school:

Thunder Horn, an old-time Sioux, had been asked to eat at the missionary's table, though the family had just finished their meal. When asked to eat he felt highly honored and expected to be served on the floor, as was his custom. But when the missionary's wife pointed to a chair by the table on which the food had been placed, he assumed that the chair was placed there to enable him to climb upon the table, which he did, sitting tailor fashion on one end of it. The creaking of the table and the merriment of the missionary's wife and daughter made him realize that he had made a mistake. After a little explaining on the part of the missionary's wife Thunder Horn seated himself upon the chair and did full justice to the meal.

This is credited to "Farm and Fireside:"

Will Blivens bought a book of etiquette because he wanted to know whether a gentleman should take off his hat while riding in a grain elevator with a lady. But it didn't have the information, and he says those books are too darned theoretical.

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